



ISSUE #4 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1994 TWO DOLLARS

The Mixed Fortunes Of 90's Punk

Allied Recordings and Epitaph Records

Trouble at ABC No Rio

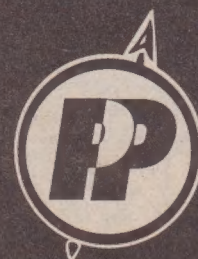
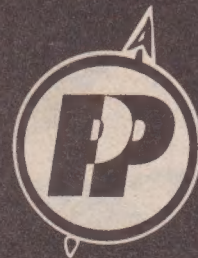
Punks With Aids

plus fiction and more!!



PUNK IS DEAD

(AT LEAST FOR SOME FOLKS)



Alright, the year is coming to an end, snow is in the air, and everyone has that feel-good-winter attitude. Well, why not pass it on? Write for Punk Planet!! **We will accept anything** (articles, short stories, D.I.Y. info, comics, interviews, scene reports, pictures, anything) as always, that does not mean that all submissions will be printed (but really your chances of getting in are **VERY** good). Go for quality. A good story will be printed over a bad one, a good interview (one that is interesting and goes beyond the "so what's your favorite tour story") will get priority over a bad one, and so on. Now, maybe you think that the band you want to interview isn't punk. Chances are, it is! Interview them (all interviews should be accompanied by photos), and we'll sort it out. We always need Scene Reports and Short Fiction (for some reason those two things are always hardest to come by), so **write write write!!**

We are strictly volunteer run and make no profit what so ever off of this publication. All money made goes back into Punk Planet. We will review any record or zine as long as it is not on a major label (even if the band itself is, but the record is not) and will not be biased as to whether it is punk or not, since we have about as little a clue what that means as you do. But keep in mind, that **AIN'T** no guarantee of a good review. If it sucks (or if the reviewer assigned to it thinks it sucks), we'll say it sucks.

We hope you enjoy this issue, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway (isn't it cute how we always end this part that way).

-your friends at PP

Too Many Addresses

The general confusion from all these different addresses is **STAGGERING**. Please, just read who gets what and send it there. If you are still confused, just give the PPInfoline a call, and we'll tell you where to send stuff

Distribution information, Mailorder information, Ads being sent in, General Correspondence, and random acts of kindness to:

Punk Planet

P.O. Box 1711 Hoboken, NJ 07030-9998

Please send all submissions and **LETTERS!!** to:

Punk Planet North

PO box 1559 Chicago, IL 60690

Fanzines & Records for review go to:

Punk Planet South

c/o Will Dandy

Route 2 Box 438 Leeds, AL 3509

starting next issue (yeah, sure), we will be dedicating a few pages to Punk

Events please send all information pertaining to your event to:

Punk Planet West

c/o Lois Lane

P O Box 84253, San Diego CA 92138

For all you electronic whizzes (and really, who isn't) letters and submissions can be sent to:

PunkPlanet@aol.com

And finally, the direct line to a good time: the PPInfoline, find out ad availability, submission information, and distro goodies.

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Table of Contents

Mail	6
Columns	9
Scene Reports	23
Interviews	28
Epitaph Records	
Allied Recordings	
Punks With AIDS	
Fiction	42
Greene	
Firefly	
Articles	50
Trouble at the ABC No Rio	
Cartoons	53
Tina Yohaman's Secret Dispair	
DIY	55
The DIY Files	
It's Cookin' Time	
Record Reviews	59
Gifts From MRR	70
Zine Reviews	72

Table of Contents

The Solar System

Dan Sinker— Day to day maintenance, planeteer recruiter, distribution boy, layout slave, the biggest sucker of them all

Julia Cole— Day to Day maintenance, mail, money, voice of reason, tied for biggest sucker (and the boxes keep on coming)

Will Dandy— Ad God, zine & record collector, sucker

Karen Fisher— Layout genius, sucker

Cover by John Yates

Planeteers

Larry Livermore

Jim Testa

Dave Hake

Darren Cahr

Jim Connell

Slim Moon

J. Alexander Panic

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Leah Ryan

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John Crawford

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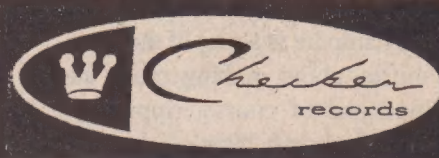
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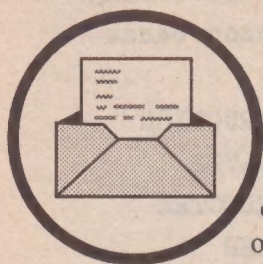
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"DR. STRANGE RECORDS, WHAT PUNK ROCK SHOULD REALLY TASTE LIKE."





Hi Punk Planet
We're quite sick
of the current state
of hardcore. Re-

member when friends supported each other, remember when hardcore was about DIY, remember when hardcore wasn't about competition within the scene, remember when hardcore was an alternative to the mainstream music? Nowadays hardcore is a part of the mainstream music, about making profit and competition and of course, ripping off friends. We think that "Punk belongs to Punks, not businessmen."

It's time that we demand our music back that we created ourselves. It's our life and it's our music. So far major labels were not a part of our hardcore scene, but now Lost & Found is getting bigger and bigger. This label is destroying our scene by buying up the hardcore scene. Most of the money Lost & Found is making comes from the bootleg business which they are putting out illegally. The owner of Lost & Found is probably a millionaire by now. A lot of people dislike Lost & Found for what they are doing but this is only a small percentage of people within the scene.

Our suggestion is that well informed people should write to Punk Planet with their detailed information of Lost & Found (bootlegged band/ the title of the record/ live or studio recordings released or unreleased recordings and so on). We need to get the ball rolling. The more people write to Punk Planet, the more pressure Lost & Found get. Of course especially bootlegged bands are welcome. Their input is important!!!

We are not totally against bootlegs to make that clear. Bootlegs which are made "by fans for fans" are okay in our opinion. These boots are sold for a non-profit price, the sleeve is

often nice and made with love. But of course, this is a small minority today. Lost & Found are releasing boots only to make a profit out of it. This is a big difference for us. Lost & Found are working "professionally" on bootlegs which means poor sound quality, band artwork, but enormous profit. We are not really sure how many bootlegs Lost & Found put out so far. Rumors say that half of the records (by now a little more than a hundred) Lost & Found releases are bootlegs. It's cynical and shameless that Lost & Found has by now so much power that they are going to release bootlegs with the Lost & Found tradename and address on the back cover. Here's a small but not complete selection:

Siege Drop Dead CD, Deathwish 7", STP CD, Sick of it All live CD, Septic Death 12", Minor Threat live at Buff Hall 7", Crisis of Faith CD

But this is not enough, to make it a little bit more complete here's a list of bootlegs which Lost & Found released without tradename and address:

Minor Threat/Faith live 12", Helmet unlive CD, Yuppicide/Born Against ABC NO RIO 7", No for an Answer CD (we laugh 7" and Thought Crusade 12"), Burn Live CD, SSD X-claim 12" (Live/studioside), Circle Jerks 12", Siege/Deep Wound 7" (both sides contain compilation tracks), Straight Edge Classics 12", (with Turning Point 7", Four Walls Falling 7", Headfirst 7", Hard Stance 7"), Infest live 7", Luzifers Mob/Capitalist Casualties 7".

The newest story about Lost & Found is that they have printed shirts and longsleeves without permission by bands like No for an Answer, Siege, and probably more.

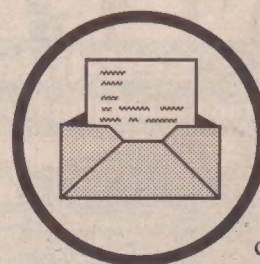
The only solution is to boycott Lost & Found. Consumer: don't buy no longer Lost & Found Records, distributors and mail-orders: stop distributing Lost & Found Records, zine

editors: don't print Lost & Found ads in your publication. Otherwise you are helping to destroy the real hardcore scene. Again, well informed people and bands should write to Punk Planet about their knowledge concerning Lost & Found. Support the independent hardcore scene!

Thanks for printing this.

Sincerely

The German Label Allegiance



Karen Fisher,

Dog Pound

Rules! If you can't figure out

why, then you have

absolutely NO RIGHT 'reviewing' their records. You say, "the singer seems to be trying too hard"... what exactly does that mean?

Maybe if you tried harder at reviewing records, you wouldn't come off like an inept ignoramus.

You also state "I can tell he's into some heavy duty posturing" and you are crass enough to follow that with the question: "is that unfair?" YES you vain idiot it's UNFAIR as well as UNTRUE, inaccurate, and UNCALLED FOR. Who the fuck are you?

Your BLATANT PREJUDICE is painfully obvious from square one where you state "all I can think is that they are from New Jersey."

Excuse me.

What exactly are you saying?

Perhaps if Dog Pound were from Berkeley or Seattle, or some other trendy locale, THEN I suppose they would be deemed WORTHY to get an ACTUAL REVIEW instead of the mindless, self-indulgent, ignorant tirade you wasted our time writing.

How about helping to actually DESCRIBE the record in a way that would possibly HELP PEOPLE

UNDERSTAND the SOUND and NATURE of Dog Pound?

Is that too much to ask?

If anyone is guilty of "heavy duty posturing" then I would say it's you. So please, in the future, keep your measley prejudiced opinions to yourself.

Yours Truly,

J. Edwards

1 Surburbia Terrace

Jersey City, NJ 070305

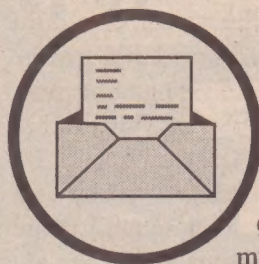
payback's a bitch

Dear Dog Pound Fan:

I'll agree about the New Jersey/Bon Jovi comment. That's a personal thing, and I agree it shouldn't matter where a band is from. As for my review: the first time I listened to this record my roommate ordered me to take it off because he hated it so much. That made me want to give it a chance, so I listened to it again (and again) and again after I got your letter. And guess what? I still don't like it. It just sounds a little too polished and slick and it seems to take itself too seriously. I might be totally off base of course. If you know these people and have seen them live, you know better than me, because most bands are much better live, much better able to show what they are all about. You know, if someone else reviewed this record they might have written something more to your liking. Then again, if someone else had written in to complain about my review, they may have stated a better case for WHY the band is better than I think it is (other than to hurl insults at the reviewer). But such is the nature of the subjective record review; either I like it or I don't! If you want an apology, all I can say is, I'm sorry you don't agree with me.

Sincerely yours,

K J Fisher



Punk Planet-

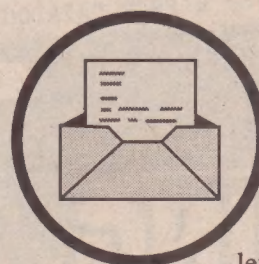
I just picked up issue #3 and I enjoyed it very much! This mag is the One. It's something new but yet its format is very similar to the old and worn out. I'm really tired of negative comments and that "I'm more Punk than you," attitude displayed by some people involved with MRR. I'm 21 years old and have been a reader of MRR for 8 years, and I have watched it go down hill the past few. I really want you guys and gals to keep up this good-work, you took the idea from someone else, now make it better. Keep putting those How To Do things... (silkscreen) ideas in each issue, keep us informed! I am so sick of little boys and ex-football stars crying about shit like "Green Day Sold Out", "No FX is trendy" etc... The ironic part is that the first time these slugs ever heard of Green Day was on Mtv on a Friday night sitting at home alone because they couldn't find any skaters to beat up! I could give a fuck less about what Green Day did, they still play the same three chords they have since 39smooth and even earlier (Sweet Children). I'm not a fan of Dookie, but it has its songs. Also, there is nothing wrong with 'pop-punk'. To all you hardcore 16 year olds who swear you saw Black Flag when you were nine years old, "get a life". I will send you my autograph 'cause I got to watch Green Day film that video, Basket Case! Rancid was hanging out, it was fun, an experience to see a "Rock Band". Now why should I hate Green Day? None of my money went to Warner Brothers, but I still have Dookie. I know how to bootleg it from you people, the same ignorant ones crying sellout! I give Green Day thumbs up for making lots of money playing three chords. It shows you that you don't have to be Van Halen to be a "star" so to all of those who say

stuff like that, "Fuck You"! I think I have taken enough time and space to advertise my opinion. So keep up the good work, regardless of the criticism. At least you take steps towards something you believe in besides sitting around and bitching about something you hate! I really enjoyed the Propagandhi interview. I will stay in touch even if the letter isn't respected.

Thanks,

Jack Labelle PO Box 4128,
Santa Clara CA 95056

Readers, if what I say about Green Day bugs you, write me. I love death threats! It's time for a change and Punk Planet is it!



Dan-

Got the new issue, thanks much. Revealing letters page, you've

barely begun and already you are proving threatening to the citizens. Are the complaints you receive really what is bothering these people, or is it possible these are folks being made to feel uncomfortable by a new publication that operates outside the rules they are accustomed to following? I'm always amazed to find that the people who take such pains to proclaim themselves so-called radicals behave very much like conservatives when someone comes along who dares to question their long established and cozy routines. Things will never be the same at the Punk Rock Country Club.

Anyway, continued Success!

John Crawford

so, you got something to say??

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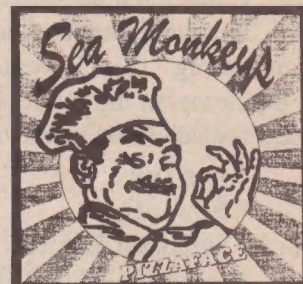
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MINTTONE

Julia Cole

CNN interviewed me in July. I walked into See Hear to deliver a consignment of Punk Planets and the next thing I knew I was on the street talking about PP and the world of 'zines in general. They aired ten stuttering seconds of a ten minute interview. (For the record I did mention Dan and Kristen—not just Will and Karen.)

What did they leave out? At the interviewer's suggestion we talked about the proliferation of 'zines, electronic bulletin boards and other new tools that have sprung up as a way for people to express themselves and communicate with each other outside the mainstream media. I said this explosion was caused in part by the media's refusal to cover topics that really matter to people—across the political spectrum, above it, below it, and every-which-way around it (Let me note here that I think the Right-wingers have the least to complain about on this subject. After all, Patrick Buchanan writes querulously in major newspapers across the country about how he and his kind never get any good press, whereas Noam Chomsky doesn't even get mentioned, let alone quoted.) The Mainstream is an incestuous, gerrymandered district ultimately representing only its own interests.

"Cutting Edge" Mainstream Media Is an Oxymoron. I said that mostly because "oxymoron" is one of my favorite words, but it also happens to be a true statement. Think about it, to be "mainstream" means that you have a stake in the status quo. Things that promise change are threatening. Fortunately for them they've developed a way of dealing with those things—they sensationalize them. Never mind that there may be sane, sound, humane reasons for a particular course of action, never

mind that there may be sane, sound, humane people advocating that course of action, if you only show some of the loonier people involved you've butchered its effectiveness—or at least given it constipation.

For example, I discovered only recently (much to my amazement) that the word "feminist" is still a term of derision. It still conjures up images of hate-filled, shrill-voiced wackos. Else it is merely a synonym for lesbian. Well, I'm not a lesbian (I make this disclaimer only to gut the stereotype), my tones are mellifluous and dulcet rather than shrill, and I'm no more hate-filled than the average person. I could be a wacko, but who are you comparing me to? And I am a feminist. I plan to be one until women are paid the same wages for the same work, until any man or woman is allowed to do any job s/he is capable of doing and get respect for it, until I can walk down a street and look fearlessly at the world around me without being verbally abused by rude and salacious men whose eyes I happen to meet, etc. Aren't you a feminist by this definition? Isn't everybody with half a brain and half a heart?

There are plenty of feminists like me—better than me, they work harder than I do, and with more consecration. But no, you never hear of them. All you hear is Rush Limbaugh whining about "Feminazis" and the cackling of his Dittoids, heads nodding as emptily as those plastic dashboard dolls. There are certainly plenty of controversial issues among feminists, but there's so much basic stuff that still needs to be addressed. The women working on those issues could use a little good PR, a little respect.

Second example: The '60s. Yes, I know the '60s and punk are supposed to be antithetical. (Hey, I'm not a punk—more of a punk hag.) I maintain that that is, in part, because punks have bought the TV stereotype that the '60s

were only the capers of drug-riddled, sex-crazed, flower-wearing hypocrites mouthing platitudes, totally out of touch with reality.

First, my credentials. I was in single digits (age not IQ) back in the '60s. I grew up in a loving, religious, politically conservative home in suburban New Jersey. The turmoil filtering in through my TV set was shocking and disgusting. It had a pernicious effect on me. I retreated to my room and read books for the next decade. Get involved? Be one of Them? Not this Brown-eyed Girl.

Finally, that wore off, I discovered The Clash, Patti Smith, and the whole idea that it doesn't matter if you can play that guitar NOW, do it anyway—that DOING something is more important than doing it perfectly.

So ultimately punk brought me to an appreciation of the '60s. Because I have news for you dears. This ain't paradise, but it is a better world than it was 30 years ago. Maybe that's only because we're more aware of the possibilities—of the kinds of people we can be and of the kind of world we want. It may be hard for someone who was born in the '70s to understand, but just the role models you grew up with mean you can imagine being something of which I had only the most delicate of palimpsests in my childhood. Riot grrls have sprung fully formed from the head of Laurie Anderson.

So who's wrought the change? The people you DIDN'T see in the mainstream media back then. The ones not on drugs, the ones who maybe didn't even dress funny, the ones who felt deeply about particular issues and worked hard and in unsung capacities at a grassroots level.

"Grassroots." How radical. (Um, for all you math punks out there, the root meaning of radical is root.) By trivializing and sensationalizing the '60s you might be tricked into believing that effort on a grassroots level is ineffective. Punk Planet and all the other 'zines out there are a grassroots phenomenon. It's our way of talking to each other directly without Mainstream acting as some inept interpreter. Cherish this and

remember that the Mainstream media don't want us to be successful—or else we won't need them. The world will change and we will be able to talk to each other as directly and personally as God does.

Maybe they'll just try and co-opt us—by putting us on CNN.

Jim Testa

Odds are you haven't been paying a lot of attention to all the stuff in the newspapers and on tv about the national health care debate. You figure health care is for old people and besides, you're covered by your parent's policy, or through school or something, right? And if you drift out of high school or college and don't immediately want to lock yourself into a 9-to-5 gig - the kind that comes with benefits like medical insurance - well, whatever... You're young, you're healthy, and if something really awful happens, they'll have to take care of you at the hospital anyway, right?

Guess again, kids. I just got done reading a terrific booklet published by the Rock The Vote organization on the topic of health care and how it impacts young people, and the facts are really frightening.

Here are a few numbers to chew on:

While many Americans have some form of health insurance, many do not, and more than half the uninsured population is under thirty years old. In fact, eighteen to twenty-four year olds are the group least likely to have any kind of coverage. (Young adults 25-29 are the second most uninsured segment of the population.)

Most young people don't think of the lack of available health insurance as a problem, because

most young people think they're invincible. I'm constantly amazed at how many kids smoke cigarettes these days. I'm not talking about stupid white trash greaser kids, but the bright, hip, well-educated alternates I see at punk shows. Lung cancer? Emphysema? Heart disease? "Nah, it'll never happen to me!" I'm sure that attitude also prevails behind closed doors... You can put all the safe sex commercials you want on MTV... I'm really dubious that a generation dumb enough to smoke unfiltered Camels is going to be smart enough to worry about condoms when the time comes. AIDS, herpes, syphilis, unwanted pregnancy - and then add drunk driving, drug addiction, street violence - all have become epidemics afflicting teens and young adults who haven't learned to appreciate their own mortality.

But okay, so let's say you always use a condom, don't drink and drive, eat lots of vegetables, and look both ways before you cross the street. Did you know that the average age for the onset of major depression is 24? Or that three out of every hundred college-age women suffer from bulimia? Or that more than 5,000 young people commit suicide every year?

Mental illness is a major problem affecting young adults that's especially scary because no one wants to talk about it —and what's even scarier is that even some of the most progressive health care plans don't include adequate provisions for it.

So what does all this mean? Let's consider some figures.

People without health insurance are less likely to see doctors on a regular basis, less likely to take advantage of preventive medicine and vaccines, and less likely to catch serious illnesses in their earliest stages. The uninsured are twice as likely to be hospitalized for diabetes, high blood pressure, and - here's a nice statistic - three times more likely to die in a hospital than people with health coverage.

Sure, hospitals are required to admit patients in an emergency, whether or not they have insurance. But most hospital care doesn't fit into

the "crisis" category - even in cases where it's going to seem like an emergency to the person who is sick. Most cases of cancer, tuberculosis, and even AIDS are considered non-emergencies, which means that individual hospitals and doctors have a lot of leeway in the amount of treatment they administer.

Let's put this in real terms. Jack grew up on the wrong side of town. He never knew his dad, and his mom waits tables at the local gin mill. Jack's been playing in a band and working part-time construction jobs off the books to make ends meet. Sound like anybody you know? John is a sophomore in college whose parents work in one of the city's biggest lawfirms, with excellent healthcare benefits. Both Jack and John are admitted to the hospital on the same day suffering from liver cancer. Guess which one gets the \$270,000 transplant operation?

Now make believe that you're Jack.

I hope by now you've at least started to think about the health insurance question and what it means to you. Even if you're part of the population that's covered by a good health plan and never have to worry about medical coverage, it's still an important issue, because you and people like you will eventually wind up paying for all of the sick and injured people who don't have health care coverage.

The first step toward getting involved in any debate is getting informed, so the first thing I'd recommend you do is call 1-800-ROCKVOTE and ask for a copy of "Rock The System," Rock The Vote's booklet on health care reform. It objectively outlines the problems faced by young people in today's health care system and explains how each of the major reform packages addresses each of those concerns. It's also full of useful resource numbers that you can call if you need help with a substance abuse, pregnancy, birth control, HIV/AIDS, or mental health problem.

Darren Cahr

This rant has two parts. Part one is serious. Part two is not. Or that may be backwards. You may read this column in any order you like. You may read random paragraphs, and attempt to figure out what I'm talking about without actually having to read the column in its intended order. That may be the most entertaining way to read this column. Or, you could read a paragraph from the column and compare it to the first story read on the evening news, and attempt to perform a dramatic reading of the two by alternating words between the two texts. Or, you could read this column to the tune of a screeching weasel song, in your best Ben Weasel voice, which I know that every one of you does in your bathroom into the mirror completely nude, with a carrot for a microphone. The choice is yours. You can even skip this column, if you'd like. You have my permission. Though I'd rather you did read it. I want your attention without actually begging for it. I'm kind of indecisive like that.

But I digress.

I saw the Didjits' final show last month — it ended with Rick Sims picking up a bottle of beer and shattering it across the face of some idiot who kept jumping on stage and grabbing the mic. Blood sprayed out everywhere, people started throwing things, and I thought that a riot was going to start. I felt enervated in a way that I never felt before — I'd never really experienced this kind of atmosphere, where suddenly no one knew what was happening and things looked like they were going to get completely out of control. It wasn't like the mosh pit, where things can get out of control, or even a typical fight. It felt like something else. But there was something that made it all even more disturbing.

It was all a fake.

Sims, who's an actor in his spare time, had got a friend from a local theatre company to impersonate. The bottle was a prop bottle of beer, designed to shatter harmlessly, and it was filled with realistic looking stage blood.

What all of this made me think of (beyond the mixed emotions I felt — simultaneously impressed with Rick Sims for taking all of us out and played for us, and about the last night show was a realization of just how close violence is to the surface all the time. I started thinking about the little restraints that keep me, and everybody else with an ethical bone in their body, from smacking their bosses around, or hitting their friends, or bludgeoning their loved ones, shooting the president, murdering our enemies, and acting like complete assholes. What are these restraints? What keeps me from doing it? What keeps you from doing it?

Fear.

But what are we afraid of? It's the same thing that keeps "revolutionaries" from overthrowing the government, the same thing that keeps women in abusive relationships, the same thing that keeps the masses listening to martial carry. We're addicted, as a nation, to the status quo. We like it. We get to protest against it without actually worrying that anything is going to change. We get to have a predictable world, and that's the thing we like the most. We get a world that generally functions like it did yesterday and the day before and will again tomorrow. It's safe, no real danger. The world is exactly as we think it is.

But that illusion is just that — an illusion. The danger is always there, and we're kidding ourselves when we ignore it. It's in the inner cities, it's in the suburbs, and it's in you'll pardon the pop culture reference in G.I. Joe's Brown. Something in all of us is just barely keeping us from snapping, and we all need to face that fact, and

try to figure out what it is that protects the ones we care about from ourselves, and us from them. New age baby boomer bullshit talks about getting in touch with your inner child. Instead, what you should figure out is what keeps you from blowing up your school. That's the most interesting part of you, and the part you better get to know really fucking well.

Now, something that I just noticed while writing the previous paragraph is that it's an acronym — that's right, if you rearrange the letters of the previous paragraph you can receive the inherited wisdom of the universe and wheat grass enema: FREE!! That's right, rearranging the letters of the previous paragraph can unblock your constipated mind and, well, your colon.

Many people don't recognize that everything is an acronym, and this secret knowledge (gnosis, in Greek, for all of you geeks out there) is of course the only thing that will set you free. Of course, the real truth could be far simpler — that I'm losing my mind because one of the bands I play in (Mo Fuzz, for you trivia buffs out there) just got played on Q101, a local "alternative" radio station in Chicago more famous for playing (gulp) the Cure and Green Day. Not that we have any chance at getting famous — we're far too (and I'm quoting one of our reviews here) "alternawhatever...with a low rent sense of melodrama" to get any real attention, which is fine with me.

But it just reminded me how easy it is to get caught up in that kind of thing. A band on Epitaph, up until recently a pretty obscure indie label (except among the 100,000 regular punk record buyers) sells nearly 2 million copies of a band (the Offspring) which once appeared in the same issue of MRR as my band. And it's all very tempting until you realize a) that it's an illusion (these bands don't actually make any money unless they get really fucking huge (see MRR's July issue and PP#1 for details), b) adulation is completely meaningless — why would anybody want it (for a good example of what it does to you, take a good look at

the autopsy photos of some 20th century celebrities), and of changing the world is far more interesting than selling a bunch of records, and only grave rock movements can really do jack about the state of anything.

So did you try it? Did you rearrange the letters of that paragraph? Did you try reordering this column backwards, or in alphabetical orders? Did it make any more sense? Probably not in all of these. But you should try it — you may find yourself enlightened (or bewildered). Though, if you think about it, that's about the only proper response to the information stream available in this column: this time, and this world. Anything less than that would be boring.

There's only two kinds of people in this world — fucked up and boring. And this is your egg, and this is your fridge, and this is your egg in a fridge.

Any questions?

Larry Livermore

SPINE WARE GOES TO WASHINGTON

Spike Amptie, everyone's favorite chaos punk, was not in a very good mood. After his brief stint as a college professor (see Punk Planet #3), things had been going unusually well for a while, but then all of a sudden, just as winter was getting really in set in, everything took a turn for the worse.

I guess you could say that the first sign of trouble came one day when Spike was shopping in Amoeba Records on Berkeley's famous Telegraph Avenue. (Since his semi-permanent residence was in a nearby alley, Spike didn't actually have a record player, but he loved to show off his record collection to any newly arrived punk girls who were naive or unimpressed enough to wonder who Spike's

sordid den of intrigue.)

What really set Spike off that fateful day was seeing the new CD by Total Chaos, some poser anarchy punks (well, that's what Spike heard they were, anyway) from Southern California. It was bad enough that all the members of Total Chaos had bigger hair than Spike (whose own mohawk had been reduced to a soggy and sorry mess by the season's first rain), but what was even worse was that not only were they on Epitaph Records (Spike had read in Fuct Bastard fanzine that Epitaph was part of a corporate plot to destroy the scene and make everyone watch Bad Religion videos), but that right there on the cover, right there by all the anarchy song titles, was a great big BAR CODE!!!

Yes, the punk scene was truly dead now. Spike was so depressed he didn't even bother stealing anything that day, just stomped out into the street and started kicking hippies and dogs, and screaming at passersby, "Some of your friends are already this fucked!"

"Whoa, dude, how fucked is that?" said one spare changer in a Subhumans t-shirt. Spike started to piss and moan about the demise of everything punk, thinking he had found a sympathizer, but just when he was getting to the part of how there hadn't been a really good show since like 1982, the spare changer revealed his true colors by confiding to Spike, "Hey, I've got some truly righteous bud for sale."

Spike put one of his Dr. Martens through the hippie's teeth and went scowling down the Avenue. He got to the steps at Bancroft, where all the new punks in town hang out, the ones who haven't joined a band or found a free place to live yet.

"You're all fucked!" he yelled at them. Nobody paid much attention to him except for one kid who said, "Yeah? So?"

Well, that was enough to set Spike off on an hour-long diatribe. Those of you who are familiar with his past history might recall that Spike has never been a man of many words, at least not many that made

sense, but now he was on a mission. He was going to single-handedly bring back the true spirit of punk, and educate these young idlers and newsmongers before their minds could be polluted by the deadly East Bay pop punk virus.

Unfortunately, Spike was, as usual, slightly drunk, and even without his mind to mouth coordination being impaired by alcohol, well, let's just face it: Spike never was too bright anyway. So to most of the punks sitting on the steps, he came across as just another one of the babbling idiots that typically infest the Berkeley campus (and occasionally the classrooms as well). The kids noticed he was one of the Punks in distress, or maybe a wannabe or a Hare Krishna who forgot his robe. They laughed and threw things at him, which made Spike just inflame all the louder, until he had thrown into a crowd.

Now all this would have never added up to more than a typical boring afternoon in Berkeley if it weren't for a lateral receiving that had taken place in our nation's capital a few days earlier. It seems President Clinton and his top advisers had gotten together to try and figure out just where things had gone wrong. There was a handsome young president who had never done anything particularly wrong besides making President Mar-In-Sing of his illegitimacy, and yet it seemed he was hated by just about everyone in the country. Grotesque luncheonet windings like Rush Limbaugh were more popular than the Prez, and there was even talk that Darth Vader's ugly little brother Bob Dole might be able to beat Bill in the next election.

"You've lost your momentum," said one of the President's not-so-bright aides (possibly the same one who told him that dining regularly at McDonald's would be good for his figure). "You need to recapture the youthful energy you had during the campaign."

"Well, golly, what else do you reckon I can do?" asked the President. "I already tried being in that inner circle and outflank-

cartoon. Do you think maybe we should do a video? I could call up my friends in Fleetwood Mac," he said, reaching for the phone.

"Uh, I'm sorry, Mr. President," interrupted one of his saner assistants. "I understand they've been abducted by space aliens and are being held hostage somewhere in the asteroid belt along with Ross Perot and Paul McCartney."

"Gosh, that's terrible," said the President. "Do you reckon we should send out a space ship to rescue them?"

"Now, Mr. President, America can't be policing the whole solar system; you know the people wouldn't stand for it. And anyway, the fact is that Fleetwood Mac just don't have a heck of a lot of influence on today's young people. We need someone more modern, more au courant."

"Gosh, I just love it when you talk French like that," smiled the President. It makes the White House feel like a regular hotbed of intellectualism and culture. But tell me, just who do today's young people listen to?"

"Mr. President, the happening thing today is punk. Just look at your MTV, your top of the pops, everywhere you look it's that California punk sound. It's idealistic, it's spunky, it's catchy, you can dance to it, and best of all, chicks dig it!"

"So what you're saying is that we need to get some of these here punks on our side?"

"That's the ticket! Just say the word, and we'll have our operatives on the way to Berkeley, California, where it all started, to find the best and brightest of these new youth leaders, and we'll bring him or her back to Washington to advise us on youth issues."

Well, the President, then sitting at about 30% in the polls, was ready to try just about anything, and thus it was, two days later, that a line of extremely long black limousines with tinted windows pulled up to the corner of Bancroft and Telegraph.

"Are you sure this is the place?" one of the younger, more practical aides asked his boss. "This is the hotbed of the new youth culture? It

looks like a touch of infat."

"That's just the way they express their deep inner longings and their frustrated idealism that's been crushed again and again by a system that's not responsive to their needs."

"Oh. Well, how do you see just we go about finding their leader?"

"You sure it'll become obvious soon enough who really speaks for the youth of today. We'll just sit here and observe for a while."

And so it was that Spike sat ranting and raving and very nearly foaming at the mouth, under the attention of the President's men. "That young man seems to have really a lot to say," one of them observed.

"True, and it seems as though all the other young people are listening to him quite intently."

That wasn't really quite the case, but you could imagine the President's men in unsuiting pretense. Spike had been jabbering for so long that the punks had gotten tired of yelling back at him, and besides, most of them had been sitting at a table of food and drink that Spike had had been making the rounds, so they were basically satiated. But it looked like they were listening to Spike. Even Spike himself thought so.

As it grew dark, the punks started drifting and stage-stepping away, but Spike went on preaching into the night. Finally a couple of the government men stepped out of their limo and called Spike over.

"We hear what you're saying, brother," one of them said, redoubting hearing young people address each other that way in the movie Woodstock.

"I want your father, you bastard screwing punk!" Spike bellowed.

"Well, you know, I don't mean literally," the agent said. "I was just thinking, though that you seem to have a lot to say, and maybe you should be saying it to more people than just a few friends here on the steps of the University

of California."

"What are you talking about?" Spike glowered.

"I'm talking about appearing on national TV to speak to the youth of America, about becoming a special adviser to the President of the United States."

"Fuck that," Spike said. "I hate Reagan, he's a fascist pig."

"Uh, Mr., uh, Anarkie, did you say? Reagan isn't the President anymore. We have a new, youthful, idealistic President now, and he wants to hear about the views and values of our alienated young people. We think you're just the one to give him the real 'word from the streets,' isn't that how you would say it?"

"Yeah, sure, I guess I know what's up better than most punks. Got any beer?"

"If you think it would help you clarify your ideas, I'm sure we could quickly obtain some." He snapped his fingers and one of the aides went running across the street to the nearest store. Spike was impressed. The spare changing hadn't been going too well lately anyway, especially since he'd gotten in the habit of addressing everyone as "asshole."

He downed a sixpack or two while the agents explained that President Clinton wanted to see him back in Washington as soon as possible, and before Spike could shake his head or spit on the floor, he was seated aboard Air Force Two, winging his way across the country toward the nation's capital. "I don't know about the President," he said again and again to anyone who would listen, "but if I see that wuss Ian MacKaye anywhere I'm going to pop him one right in the chops. Fugazi ain't fuckin' punk."

Some of the more intelligent Presidential advisers were a little worried about the incoherent nonsense Spike was spewing, but others said, "Hey, he'll do fine in Washington." And that was exactly how things turned out, for Washington, at least the part of Washington where serious government stuff goes on, is the kind of place where you can say just about

anything you want for as long as you want because no one ever pays the slightest bit of attention.

Soon Spike was being taken around and introduced to Congressmen from all over the country, all of whom were asking his advice about how to relate to the young people in their states. They laughed when Spike told them to lower the drinking age to eight and to make a law that all punk shows had to be free. "You've got quite a keen sense of humor, Mr. Anakin," one of them said. "It's no wonder that today's young people have chosen you to be their spokesman."

"And then you've gotta invade someplace," Spike continued.

"Do you really think so?" replied the Congressman. "I was under the impression that young people were against war."

"Duh, that was the 60s. Don't worry about the future. Everybody likes a good invasion."

"Well, where do you think we should invade? Cuba?"

"Nah, who cares about Cuba? What do they got there except beans and rice? You gotta invade some place cool."

"Canada's a pretty cool country," ventured a Congressman, who then proceeded to laugh at his own joke.

"Clinton, get serious," Spike retorted. "Nobody would even notice if the US invaded Canada. I say we should invade England!"

A look of shock and bewilderment crossed the Congressmen's faces. "But out of all the countries in the world, England is our oldest and best friend," one of them protested.

"All the better!" said Spike. "They'll never expect us! Total surprise attack!"

"But what would be the point? What could we gain from invading England?"

"It'd be cool! Besides, they got all these old punk records and stuff, there's no reason it should be washed out a bunch of bums who haven't been punk since the 70s."

By now some of the Congressmen were asking each other, "Who is this nut?" but others, most notably one weasel-eyed butterball called Newt Gingrich, were getting ideas. The next morning Spike had his big meeting with President Clinton, where he was appointed Special Adviser to the President on Youth Affairs, and very nearly persuaded Mr. Clinton to make video with him where the two of them would take turns lip-synching to "The List" by Filth.

But when it came to invading England, the President was firm. "I just don't think the timing is right, Spike. And besides, I think we'd be better off solving this thing peacefully."

"Peace is boring!" Spike griped. "People like to see blood and guts and cities being blown up. No wonder you don't get any respect!"

He didn't push the issue, though. If the truth may be told, Spike actually kind of liked the President, even if he'd never admit it to any of the chaos punks back home. True, Clinton was a little clueless, but he was so friendly, and when he was wearing that goofy, shit-eating smile, it was hard to hold anything against him.

Unfortunately, without being aware of it, Spike had already planted the seeds of big trouble for the President. The next morning the TV and newspapers were full of Republicans complaining that President Clinton was "soft on England." Congressman Gingrich was especially vehement, calling the President "a draft-dodging pantywaist who'd rather be sipping tea with his pinko British pals than stand up for America in her hour of need."

Thanks to the likes of Rush Limbaugh (who, like Mr. Gingrich, never let the fact that he himself had been a draft dodger stand in the way of bashing Clinton for it), all America was soon in an uproar about "the English crisis." True, every once in a while, a lonely voice or crank caller to a talk show might ask, "Wait a minute, why are we mad at England in the first place?" but he or she would quickly be dismissed as a coward or a nut.

And while it was true that no one remembered why we were even considering invading England, both political parties and all the news media were well aware that Spike Anakin, the teenage young man from California, had something to do with it. Overnight Spike became a star. He was on television more frequently than President Clinton. Hoping to embarrass the President, the Republicans asked him to address a joint session of Congress. The Democrats countered by bringing him to New York to speak to the United Nations in a last-ditch attempt to stave off war between England and the USA.

Spike didn't help matters any by pulling off one of his feisty stunts: Dr. Martens and bumping it on the desk to emphasize the point that the USA had to get serious about "taking some ass." And he very nearly caused a new international crisis when he asked a group of African delegates, who were wearing ceremonial tribal robes, why they were wearing dresses. "You guys hipsters or something?" he demanded.

Luckily war was averted at the last minute when the Queen herself came to Washington and agreed to make English people drive on the right side of the road and carry handbags. There was some talk of making Spike America's new ambassador to the United Kingdom, but as fate would have it, Spike's political streak soon fell as rapidly as it had risen, especially after he was caught snuffing glue in the White House basement while wearing Chelsea Clinton's party mask. That was enough to get him a guest spot hosting 120 Minutes on MTV, but before long even the kinkier Republicans got tired of Spike's incoherent babbling.

So like all of Spike's adventures, this too ended in apathy and oblivion. He may have ridden into Washington in a blaze of glory, but by the time he hitchhiked out of town under a lowering November sky, his dizzying brush with international influence and extreme war-

already forgotten. The American public was already obsessed with a new scandal that seemed to link Oprah Winfrey's breast implants with the O.J. Simpson case, and Spike, making his lonely way across America back to his Berkeley home, was an irrelevant has-been. Even the punks wouldn't give him rides because he'd been on MTV.

By the time he got back to Berkeley it was December, Spike's alleyway residence was flooded and awash in garbage, and Spike himself had been banned from Gilman Street for being a corporate sellout. While no genius, Spike was at least marginally resourceful, and he did what any sensible punk would do: moved back into his parents' house and slept, drank, and watched TV until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Anarkie, themselves a little clueless, had no idea what sort of things their darling boy had been up to, so they contented themselves with nagging him about getting a job or going back to school while meanwhile saying to themselves how nice it was to have little Eugene (his real name, don't tell anyone) back home again. Spike himself spent so much time brooding that he very nearly turned into an emo boy, but that's another story, one that you'll have to wait till Punk Planet #5 to hear about.

Karen Fisher

The other day I got all worked up when I saw someone throw some trash out of their car window onto the freeway. I've always wondered at how many people must actually do this, seeing as how the streets are completely filled with burger wrappers, disposable diapers and the like, and now I'd finally caught someone in the act. I thought to myself, I should get this guy's license plate number and report him to the highway patrol. Yes! Speeding along the

freeway, trying to make up so I could read his license plate, I found myself locked over my steering wheel with a maniacal grin on my face. I was completely absorbed in my vigilante mission. I slowly slowed down and tried to take a few deep breaths. But I knew felt this way on other occasions. Sometimes someone has committed a true legal or moral transgression. Other times, however, they just don't say something really stupid. From my traffic school teacher, who spent half of our eight hours together saying things like "Officer Smith told me he had a red hot impulse" to my co-worker who took her position of "plover" to look with other people, their jobs and their lives. Is it unusual for me, someone who wants to do things on my own terms, to want to show someone when they drive their BMW right behind me in the crosswalk? So fast and so close that my skirt flies up?

I didn't learn in the littering case but a few weeks later, I did report the expensive car bill of that boy's sweating all over the freeway at 90 miles an hour. Rightfully indignation, what does it make me? At the least, a pig, at the worst, a N.A.R.C. On the one hand, I believe that extreme laws, even punishment, should be dealt to people who do not maintain any idea of current behavior. Yet no idea of correctness includes the "live and let live" credo; you know, no rules, honor system, that kind of thing. The state should not be telling us what kind of cars to drive! I hated when my old Camaro required costly emission repairs to renew its registration. But when I see other cars and trucks spewing smelly exhaust, I want them to pay. Deeply. Partially because I'm a hothead and hate the fact that I was punished for something that someone else might be getting away with. Yet I hate, I hate regulations that try to approximate a perfect society, to keep us all in line.

Not all infractions are

minor or personal to me and me alone. I still cringe when I think of my turning away after I saw a woman slap her small infant's face because it was crying in the grocery store. Should I have grabbed the baby and run with it? Called the store manager? Confronted the woman personally? I can partially rationalize, say she might have left before I could have done anything, or denied it, or played down what I saw. Meanwhile thousands of other babies are being hit, burned, scarred in other ways, where I can't see them or even try to help them. I feel it's so futile, there are so many ignorant people out there.

When I lived with my younger sister, our downstairs neighbor constantly called the police to our apartment for playing our stereo too loud or for having people over late at night. In a small town where crimes were not plentiful, the local cops got law enforcement practice twisting my arm behind my back and pushing my face against the wall, shining bright lights in our faces and grilling us about our drinking and drug habits. That neighbor must have heard these scenes and yet he continued to report us week after week. I hated that guy! Now, a few years later, I live in a big apartment building and one of my neighbors smokes. Maybe more than one, I can't really figure it out, because it starts early in the evening and then goes 'til 4 or 5 or 6 in the morning. With the hot summer weather, I have to keep my windows wide open and for some weird atmospheric reason, it's like someone is constantly smoking inside my apartment. Actually, it's like having my face in an ashtray. I used to smoke myself, and it doesn't bother me that much in clubs, but this situation is worse, because it's not supposed to be in here. Like I said, I can't explain it, I can't figure out why it's so strong inside my house. I try to ignore it, but when I am trying to eat or concentrate, it REALLY BUGS ME! I stomp around and it's burning my nose and getting all itchy and the truth of the matter is, they are smoking outside on their patios and it is completely acceptable

for them to do that. My neighbors also have the right to play Mariah Carey full blast on a Saturday afternoon, just like I have the right to blow Duke Ellington later, right? I know in my heart I can't say anything. I don't want to say anything, but god help me, I am going out there listening to those guys across the street, all whooping and whining at the top of their lungs all day long as they sell duckweiser and watch football.

What do I want? I can't tell someone to stop smoking, to stop watching TV or playing the music they like. I don't want these things to be regulated. I don't know what I want. I guess I want to go live on a mountaintop some where and not have to deal with these issues. No, I want everyone to do whatever I say, and do it right, goddamn it!

I hate people! But I have to be alone. I know, I'm a schizo, a total loner personality. What are you doing here? Hey! Tell me to the author!?

Slim Moon

THE IMPROVERISHED PUNCH LINE. Has anyone yet disclosed to you all of the discreet and sensual details of the languid tale of Mr. X Random? The X stands for Xanthous, which means yellow. It's the twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet. Well, I don't have time to elaborate with all the details but what I can tell you is that Mr. X Random, we can call him Mr. X for short. How old is the girl? Is she thinking of the pool or the future? Is she lonely or happy? Why is she in the attic alone? What happens next? The attic is a pleasant place for the rich and for the high, but the attic is a cruel place for poor folks such as you and I. How can this type of terminological tangle be avoided? There is a answering in the attic, right there alongside the

method and the speculum.. The girl probably wants some of her yarns to come out straight, but she probably wants some of them to turn out curved and sometimes some of them crooked. No matter what, its a woolen line she'll have to give us when she's finished. Who can really say what she wants, we don't even know if she's happy or lonely. Mr. X always says he wants to be dockside but he's always looking at the downside. Suddenly inside the attic Mr. X stresses his sense of restlessness and generalized irritability. He extracted the line from the scene from the act which was there in the middle of the volume. The dialogue went something like this: He said, "Wisdom is a comfort, humor is a delight, and a keen sense of right and wrong is a blessing undisguised." She said, "Mr. X, it is wrong to disassociate yourself from the commentator. Why wouldn't the mother potato and the father potato let their daughter marry Walter Cronkite? Cuz he was a common tater. Every-thing you know, or actually everything you think you know about the subject, the truth is what you really know is what you have learned in the natural course of explanatory discourse. What have you actually seen, Mr. X, up here in the attic; the quiet moon beams, the broad deep shadows of the ruined wall; the voices that rent the air with shouts. What time is it? Where are your manners? Who is Slim Moon? What becomes of the dead?" He said, "Foreshadowing devices have the effect of enhancing the inevitability of the action. It does not reduce suspense or uncertainty. In fact, if executed properly, it can serve to heighten these sensations. This much is clear: though we may not care very much about the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, we put a high value on the gift of persuading others to see us as we see ourselves. This is banter, grave but pure banter, I want you to become my intended." She just looked at him, trying to think of something that would surprise him so much he would laugh. She suddenly realized that the timing of the whole exchange

had been poor and that the whole construction of dialogue was a cheap trick on us all, and nobody knew her name, and we'll leave it at that.

Will Dandy

Oh, I'll just put it with I'll put all my cards on the table. I'm sorry but true, yes, I went to Lollapalooza. My friends and I have had a lot of fun there. I've been there we were on L7's guest list through so it was cool, dan and I knew Jennifer Finch (has played from America Online so when she offered to get us in free we had no problems accepting).

I had plans to interview bands and ask them all sorts of real things to perhaps publish, but they wouldn't allow cameras or tape recorders inside so I was out on that idea. The first band that we saw was Green Day. They were so depressing to watch up there on the big stage with thousands of ultramachos singing along and swinging to the beat. Not to mention the fact that I felt like I was watching TV, not a show. It was sorry. A big wall of speakers, everything just right, timed karate kicks and all this shit. I wanted to cry and puke at the same time. So when during the third song a couple of my friends had actually found Jennifer Finch I was more than happy to leave. Meeting her turned out to be the biggest surprise of the day. She was a genuinely nice, caring, and interesting person. I almost had to pinch myself. She may be a rock star, but she sure didn't act like one. When L7 went to play next we stood on stage while they played, had a song dedicated to us, and I must say, they whipped Green Day's hairy butt every one records I think it's the other way around!

After all that we went backstage with L7 some more and hung out and I got brief chances at those interviews I had hoped to get. First came Billie Joe. He took a break from hugging frantic 12 year old friends to give me and my friends a tour in their book mobile (yes they STILL tour in it! There's still some punk spirit left in them). When this was over I asked him one of my questions. I have heard that they were interviewed in Details magazine and made out to look like big pot-smoking idiots, so I asked him what he thought about that. He said that he wasn't surprised and that it was fairly true. That's just who they are. Ok, I thought, fair enough, but I felt like he was kinda dodging around something.

Next came Mike D of the Beastie Boys. As you may or may not know they used to be an awesome hardcore band and now they're rap. So, naturally I wanted to know how this came about. Upon questioning Mike D said, "I don't know." He claimed to have never thought about it and made fun of me saying that they were "in the howse with hip-hop" (note funky gangsta-speak). Oh well, the question obviously required more thought then he had applied to anything in a while. Then one of his two HUGE friends said, "Let's go Mike." Oh well, I asked him to announce it on stage if he came up with the answer later. He never did. Oh well, I must admit they rocked the house down when they played and were absolutely amazing. They even did a few hardcore songs. What fun.

The rest of Lollapalooza was pretty uneventful. My friends and I tried a smart drink (which did nothing), ate expensive food, and saw P-funk (who ruled), and the Breeders because of a mistake in timing (God...they are SO bad!). I also gave out copies of Punk Planet #2 to Billie Joe, some guy in Shudder to Think, Jennifer Finch, and some person who does promotional work for Warner Brothers (we want a Mariah Carey interview!). If it weren't for the \$31 door price I would say that everyone should go see Lollapalooza next time 'round, but most people (myself

included) aren't willing to spend that kind of money on it. Oh well, it taught me that I couldn't even judge rock stars by the fact that that's who they were. I guess the old saying is true in all regards. You can't judge a book by its cover.

Daniel Sinker

In the past seven or ten years I have listened to the U2 album *War*, about three thousand times. It's not punk, and I'm willing to admit that. The album has a sunset quality that I haven't heard much. It sounds like it was recorded in a tube. It really sounds fucking terrible, and I love it for that. Yeah, the songs are pretty good too, but it's mainly the incredibly dull production — or lack thereof — that draws me in. I mean, the sparse drum sounds like a tacky sheet of construction paper. Anyway, I'm listening to it now, and it really can't help but comfort me, even though it isn't very punk. It even has background singers.

So you want punk (and really, who doesn't these days)? Then fucking loud. I don't feel very punk today, actually. I haven't felt much of anything the past month or two, and don't really want to talk about it.

But, of course, you know I will anyway. Up until yesterday, I had NO idea that punk rock had become so popular. I've been working with a theory the past two or three years that eventually major labels would catch on that the whole "grunge" thing was nothing but pretty low punk (although none of the boys were very pretty). And all of a sudden, without even consulting me first, they've up and made punk hip. That would explain the phenomenal distribution that Punk Planet has managed to get with just three issues out. I knew it

didn't have anything to do with the fact that the magazine was any good. Just that it was punk. To boot, we even have the word Punk in our title, which any good capitalist will tell you is *instant brand name recognition*.

But, I don't want to talk about punk. Actually, I don't want to talk about much of anything. I've been terribly..... apathetic lately. I just haven't had much motivation to care about ANYTHING, except that which required daily attention (getting dressed, watching M*A*S*H, and working on Punk Planet —and even those things got done only on good days). I hope it's a seasonal thing.

By the way, I feel really bad for all of you that live in areas that don't experience seasons. The changing of the seasons is such a beautiful time. It's got the BEST weather, cool, crisp and sunny. And it really only lasts for a few weeks, which makes you experience it even better because you know that it will gone in such a short time.

Maybe that's the problem, I haven't spent that much time outside recently. What with all the Punk Planet work, all the wonderful new Aaron Spelling television shows (I know, I know it's not punk to admit that you like watching TV, let alone that you like watching Models Inc), and all the wonderful distractions that my new apartment gives (if you have never lived in a garden level apartment, do it, you'll never quite understand the term 'lack of privacy' until you do), I have been inside for far to long.

I'm sorry that I'm just sort of rambling, I haven't been able to write in such a long time (really, I would just sit down to write and nothing would come out) and all of a sudden words and ideas and images are just coming out faster than I can type. It's really exhilarating. I really should be writing a script for my video that I'm supposed to be working on, but column first, script later. Just in case you're wondering what the hell I'm talking about. I go to art school (not very punk — but it's not very artsy to be a punk at an artschool, so I'm sort of like a nomad or something) and at

that school. I make videos that is different than music videos — although I will make those if anyone is interested, drop me a line if you are. I am an advanced video student there are no prizes there, so you just sort of give yourself names like advanced video student, which in the long run don't mean shit and I am supposed to be a kind of creativity and ideas. Problem is, I just don't have any right now. Which is — of course — interrelated with everything else I've been writing about.

Back to punk. I don't care what anyone else thinks of me because of this. Rumor absolutely punk. No doubt about it. It's the best one of the best albums I've heard in a long long long time. I listen to it and fight it off every day until now, the best punk album ever — actually it probably still is. It's just that the Rumor album is my CD, and CDs are an shitty and noisy and high level all the fucking time. And as it's been told to me more than a few times, it's not very punk to listen to it. But these people are just DEAD WOMBATS. It's very punk to listen to it.

Finally, back once again, let me apologize for being so off my brain in this column. I'd like to take sort of an informal poll. You see, to date you haven't figured it out by now. I do a lot of the work around here. That work includes getting Punk Planet distributed by job that I don't really volunteer for, or really want, but it just happened that I was the best person at it to do that I attribute to being totally obsessive. So I'm working my ass off getting good distribution for PP. Thing is, even though I know it's going to distribute, I don't know where it goes from there. So here is where you come in: send me postcards. You know, just a postcard saying Hi, or I hate you, or whatever, but saying where you're from. Do you think you can handle that? It would really help me get a better idea about where PP is going to go, this is really just a desperate plea for mail. If you want to, tell me

what you think of the magazine, but you don't have to. Thanks for reading this far (if you have).

Send mail to Dan Sinker PO Box 1559 Chicago IL 60690

Dave Hake

The theme for this column is torpor and disarray. I have unwittingly tortured the staff of Punk Planet by remaining incommunicado and turning my column in weeks late. I'm trying to develop a kind of enigmatic personality that close associates can fondly refer to in my retrospective documentary slated to be born years from now out of the minds of admiring young fans and eager followers who couldn't be there to witness my teachings first hand. Which brings me to my second theme: god complexes. I am all about them. Onward.

1. Nothing could have delighted me more than the recent branding of Antioch Arrow as the "bad boys of emo" in the latest pages of HeartattaCk. Granted, I'm somewhat jaded to the whole idea since I already presented the argument in Bob Conrad's famed zine Second Guess over a year ago, but Kent McClard has the power to bring this sensation to the national spotlight where I can only bask in the warm glow of humble obscurity. In the end, like all great thinkers, I am a few steps ahead of my fellow brethren in the "too emo to be proud" intelligentsia and have decided that Antioch Arrow is probably somewhat like the Sex Pistols of the post-Embrace/Rites Of Spring era wherein we now reside, and are even more brilliant than their cloth-jacketed selves even now realize.

Sensation is a phenomenal tool. The stories that I've heard about this band go beyond reason, and I don't even care if they're true. Rumor is it's own independent reality. While on tour with the vehicle for yours

truly, immortal later, I managed to hear that not only did the illusive Aaron Hammer of Harvard spit on a crowd of more supportive individuals at Gilman, but that he jumped through a window on the East Coast, and in the tension filled environment over a microphone he broke whilst "going off," shamed out of the room not before throwing the money they made in the face of the promoter. One drama, no? Temper, temper may have political fervor, figures like Kent McClard, but I'm beginning to think that if this is any indication of things to come, Antioch Arrow is the only kind of justice we "emo" kids deserve.

2. To correct a certain poor reviewer to the last issue of Punk Planet, the latest Shut Up is not a re-release, but in fact a brand new takes from said bands most compelling record. Underlined. Fans of Shut will take note that in these tracks there is almost a certain whispering poetry the "shut" in this Louisville rock vehicle was known for. The songs are instrumental, which I'm able to say does not detract from the overall effect one feels. Granted, Eugene Young, the Nocturnal King, says that the popularity of a band like Shut only goes to show that "emo crap" is taking our heads with nonsense, but I insist that if we can look at art as an occasional guilty pleasure, then there is no harm done. I mean, I'm able to say I'm pretentious. Are you? It's all a matter of making these things work in your hands, which in the case of Shut, is what is happening all over the place. If you liked math in high school, you'll like Shut. I just felt like all this needed to be pointed out by someone who has the slightest amount of interest in accurately portraying a delinquent band like these Louisville boys. And please, if we're talking about Louisville, forget Endstand. Relative to latter day Shut and their next logical success, war, Robert Langford is somewhat like the dim-witted Australian thug in 2001 who became of the scandal with their horses and

clubs and hope to get their intelligence artificially augmented by a higher power. Psst. Next, please.

3. Guiltless Twin Cities promotion time. I am very optimistic about the winter here. Not even a week ago I was entreated to the awesome power of St. Paul's best amalgamation of Reverend Horton Heat and Born Against, ROWBAR MADDOG. There was something very sexually credible for me when the lead singer took the time to show me his dick and ask, "Who's your daddy?" This is total rock n' roll, which the Twin Cities themselves are shaping up to be for this year. Because like the Who say, "the kids are all right." And they are. Yeah. There's also a "great" zine (Kent McClard's quote, not mine), Splatterspleen which covers in nearly gory detail the impetus inter tour, punk and gentrification, good old fashioned feminism and includes a cameo shot of yours truly looking the best I'll ever look ever. Check it out: Amanda Huron/P.O. Box 4061/St. Paul, MN 55104. It's a dollar and some stamps.

4. Speaking of cold: below zero temperatures and snow are in for later '94 and early '95. There is a lot of good music coming out of Umea, Sweden these days and when looking through a CD sampler from that region, the "Northcore" compilation, you can see in the insert photos that the kids in Refused know that hanging out in snowy streets is where it's at. Word on the street is that Chicago's own Victory Records has "signed" the all female wonder Doughnuts, also from the land of perpetual twilight. They are purportedly touring the States sometime next year. Lastly but not leastly, Abhinanda is a kind of more abrasive version of the latter two bands that has a lot to offer on their latest album whose title escapes me at the moment. Think straight-edge: Unbroken and Snapcase have already written the albums of the year. It's not a matter of not drinking, it's a matter of rocking out. Wear shorts in the winter and think snow. To survive in Minnesota you have to be up to grab the season by the

throat and not let go. Fricking straight-edge.

5. All the "Is Punk Dead? Maximum Rock & Roll or not?" arguments from last issue are really pointless. We all know what the similarities are at this point and what the differences are. Start critiquing the content or get out of the house. I'm just waiting to see whether Lawrence Livermore writes another short story with a titled Smiths song as it's title, eh? David Hale / P.O. Box 4061 / St. Paul, MN 55104
dhalerw@marcush.net

Guest Column

J. Alexander

Panic

I may or may not have pissed my pants. I woke up feeling a desperate need to urinate. It wasn't until I finished draining my bladder that I realized my shorts were soaking wet. At last I soaked. I've finally had a wet dream! I proclaimed loud enough to awaken my roommate. My semen induced delusions of grandeur were destroyed by my inconsiderate nostrils. "Urine!" I screamed. It was the unmistakable scent of pee.

I stood there for another minute, imagining a lifetime of plastic bedding. Did I miss the toilet and somehow pee all over my pants while still watching TV? Could I have actually wet the bed in twenty-two years old? Maybe it really was a wet dream and my brain had just sent down the wrong signals. What the hell was the problem? Maybe I should sleep on it and in the literal sense. I did wind up changing my shorts.

I went back to bed sleeping straight through the night without a second incident of incontinence. When I awoke, I kept my little incident to myself two weeks later I'm sitting here writing about it for the

entire punk rock world).

The day went by as usual, I jumped around to my music and read a couple of magazines and finished off a book. My lack of bladder control seemed a forgotten problem, sort of like glam metal. It was 5 A.M. the next morning when I realized Bon Jovi may have a chance at a comeback.

I didn't wet the bed again, it was just a muscle spasm that pulled me from my sleep. For a second I thought my arm was possessed, and I waited for it to begin attacking me like in Evil Dead 2. After slapping my arm and telling it to heel, I went back to sleep knowing something wasn't quite right in Alexander Panic Land.

The next day I called up a neurologist's nurse and explained the situation. She kept wanting to talk about my incontinence. "How many times did you have incontinence? Do you wake up while urinating? Did you properly dispose of your dirty laundry?" I kept answering her incontinence questions with a "I only pissed on myself once," my responses cut into her medical stature. It is only in real life that you shit and piss, in the medical world you only have bowel movements and incontinence.

To make a long phone call shorter (I even cut the part out where she put me on hold for 10 minutes), she told me that a neurologist would like to see me. My heart sank to the floor. "Why, what do you think is wrong?" I could see her snotty, puckered up, sucking a lemon pose through the phone as she answered, "you can talk to the doctor about that sir, I don't diagnose symptoms, I just make appointments."

I saw Doctor Fricking (as in I'm a Fricking Quack) two days later. Without even listening to my symptoms Dr Fricking ordered me an MRI and EEG... It must have been something he thought I said.

Outside of having to get up at 4:30 A.M. for it, my MRI was no big deal. I got in there and had a Hypoglycemic attack that caused my whole body to go into tremors. The radiologist wanted to give me a tranquilizer, I told him that a Snickers would be sufficient. I ate the candy bar and ten minutes later the shaking

supported. Another drive to the medical professional!

The nurse strapped down my head and put it into a plastic cage. She said not to worry and just think about something I would enjoy doing. I imagined that she was inside the machine with me.

The radiologist showed me all of my X-Rays. Now I've proven more and for all that I really do have a brain. I pointed to one picture of my head and screamed excitedly: "Look, there's my Smuckers stuck in my brain!" I thought it was pretty funny, the doctor and nurse didn't.

The next day it was time for my EEG. If you ever wind up having an EEG, expect instead an hour and a half at best. The EEG girl sat me down in what looked like an electric chair. She then proceeded to rub a small paperily substance on twenty-two spots on my head. I smiled and thought that this wasn't so bad. Then came the glue.

She stuck some sort of ether based glue on the same twenty-two spots she had sand papered. It felt like somebody putting salt into twenty-two freshly cut wounds. I kept asking if I might be allergic and if that's why it hurt. She kept saying no. I kept asking anyway because I was bored.

After the glue, she put a whole bunch of little metal suction cup things all over my forehead and scalp. She then took a needle and injected more glue into them. Once again, my head was on fire. "Only twenty-one more to go," she said with a grin. What a sadist.

Once everything was attached, she let me look at myself in a mirror. I looked like a fang from Star Trek or something out of a Nine Inch Nails video from the video shop to state that in no ways was the mentioning of Nine Inch Nails an endorsement of major label bands or MTV, it just sounded cool.

I then had to sit perfectly still and let the machine monitor my brain waves. Every time I swallowed, the machine made a really annoying crunching sound... I made a point to swallow a lot.

In certain parts of the test,

I had to breath really fast and a strobe light device flashed in my eyes. I think they were trying to either make me hyperventilate or go into a seizure. My eyes move back and forth a lot when their closed, so the EEG girl had to hold them shut with her fingers. This was the closest thing to sex I have had in a while, so I kind-of enjoyed it.

Finally, after sitting perfectly still for an hour (which is virtually impossible for a hyper-active, panic ridden punk rock freak to do) the test was over. The EEG girl poured acetone all over my head to get the suction cups off. For a second I thought an allergic reaction had caused me to grow fingernails out of my head.

I went home and washed my hair about six thousand times. I managed to get it so frizzy that it turned into an afro. I still haven't gotten all of the glue out of my hair. I had nothing left to do besides wait for the doctor to call and give me the results of my test (my life was getting pretty pathetic).

When he finally called, I happened to be out record shopping. I got home and heard he had called and that he'd be calling back. I must have read about ten issues of Cometbus cover to cover before the phone rang again. For about two minutes, I thought the doctor was Greyhound calling and my name was Aaron. Then I remembered that I had no such luck.

When I was told my results, I was as pissed as a die-hard Green Day fan when they first heard Warner Brothers had become their favorite band's shiny new corporate home. When I heard the apprehension in Dr. Fricking's voice, I could feel my head constrict, my heart race, and my nuts shrivel up into flesh covered marbles.

When he gave me the news he was speaking in his best 'I'm sorry I have to tell you this' voice. "I don't like to tell anyone this, but your EEG was abnormal, and your brain waves indicate that you are seizure prone and that your muscle spasms have been what's called a focal seizure."

I could feel my throat tightening, I felt like swallowing about ten Xanax. I had been to the doctor about thirty times in the last three months looking for ulcers, stomach cancer, brain tumors, esophageal spasms,

blood clots, heart attacks, and whatever the disease of the week was. This EEG was just another test. Like the EKG or the Thrombin Swallow. It was supposed to have been normal. The doctor was going against the plan. He should have told me everything was ok. Instead he told me that I was an epileptic.

I decided that I would make it ok all by myself. So these muscle spasms are as bad as it's gonna get then. I couldn't go into full Medical Sciences could I?

Dr. Fricking took a long pause. I imagined him rubbing his chin thoughtfully, deciding how to answer my question. He answered all wrong. "No, it is very likely that focal seizures could turn into full. Ratched grand-mal."

Oh? was all I could think of to say.

I went back to the doctor and he prescribed me some anti-seizure medication. I haven't taken it yet because in a little while alone the side effects. One of course is adverse effects of the pill is heart failure. The side effect of not taking the pill is grand mal seizures.

I can just imagine, my head in a ritual of some stupid myth, hopping around naked in public and drowning in piss. I mean that's pretty punk. Still, if that's punk I'd rather sell myself short.

Catch me while I'm still laughing at P1 Box 27042, Golden Valley MN 55437

**Jim
Connell**

I was going to write a column about intolerance. It's ripe for some words. I've been on the receiving end of it lately due to excessive stupidity on my part, and it would be a wonderful opportunity to look even stupider. But it will have to wait.

A week ago I was reading the Smuckers paper and I came

across an article that has just stunned me. I've read it over and over and it still leaves me confused and upset. It was in The New York Times Magazine of 9/25/94, and it's kind of a scene report from Cuba. The gist of it is this: the punk kids there are so totally without hope that they've taken to intentionally infecting themselves with AIDS as a way of making a statement, a way to be allowed to be themselves, a way out.

It seems that almost nobody knows this is going on. Most people I've told about it say "that's sick" and go back to watching B&B or whatever. It doesn't have the media appeal of, say, an American kid getting shot in Italy. There's something about that reaction that makes ME sick, but when I try to look deeper, it gets real complicated.

It's tough to summarize an article like this in a couple of paragraphs; the information is in the details, the adjectives, the mood. Trying to understand something so incomprehensible leaves one grasping to squeeze a bit of hidden meaning out of every word.

And it's not easy to express the kind of emotions I feel about this either. It doesn't yield to analysis. There's only so much impact in a word like "stunned." I guess the best I can do is put down some random thoughts and hope the feelings self-assemble from the mess.

Here's the story....

It's not easy to be into rock in Cuba. Most everyone is dirt-poor, and there's nothing much to buy anyhow. The kids have kind of had to make it up as they went along. Music itself has come largely from Radio Marti, a U.S. Government anti-Castro station. They learned to dress by copying what they saw on the rare album cover that made it in. In a way it's easy to laugh at them: one faction thinks it's ok to listen to Pink Ployd and Yes; another sticks to Guns 'n Roses. They call themselves roqueros, or rockers.

They don't really have the ability to deal in concepts as evolved

as punk, but it sounds pretty punk to me. The DIY ethic? They don't have a choice. The subculture is tight, and the kids have no friends. Trying a teen to sleep on when they aren't. Rockers put on shows in basements because there is no place else. Actually "shows" is the wrong word — "parties" is probably more accurate since there haven't really been any bands.

But even if you can connect with these details, the rockers oppose Cuban society and don't want to be a part of it. They rebel by growing their hair long, wearing ear-rings, and such. The cops beat them, fine them, and eventually put them in jail. The feelings have their root in the rejection of youth; they draw their power from a strong and ever-present sense of social injustice.

Sometime around 1989 the rockers found a way out. They began infecting themselves with AIDS infected blood donated by friends. It's not clear how many have chosen this path, perhaps a hundred or two. It's also not clear how widespread the practice is. But it does seem clear that it is common enough for every rocker in Cuba to have at least considered it.

The external rationale is pretty easy to understand. Cuba provides sanctions for its AIDS patients, in which the rockers are pretty much left alone. If I had no hope for the future, was being a lot of harassment and jail for just wanting to be who I was, and saw the only alternative as murder to — anything that made life worth living — well, it's easy to understand intellectually, but imagining myself really living that life and making that choice... I just can't.

This is from Vladimir Ceballos, a Cuban rocker and filmmaker who recently made it to Miami. "The educational system is so thorough in its restriction of thought and imagination that post-revolutionary generations are literally incapable of free thought. And so rebellion takes quite simple forms: music, organization, and love."

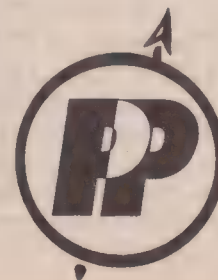
One of the pictures that accompanies the article shows one of the rockers, a 24-year-old named Papo, in a pose and setting reminiscent of a Doors album cover. I get the feeling that it was something that Papo himself wanted to do, rather than being staged by the photographer. There's just something innocently dramatic, childlike, about the photo. It's Ben sitting on my dining room table for two weeks, and every time I see it I want to cry. Papo is an adult, but he is living a child's fantasy. I am saddened because he has been forced to die for his dreaming, and because it is all so pointless.

There is a really strong temptation to find a moral to this story — a lesson to be learned, a way to justify it or something like that.

There's the usual stuff, most of which boils down to gratitude. But for some reason it is not satisfying, and I don't feel grateful. It makes my complaints seem petty, of course. It makes me a whole lot more sure of my conviction to beliefs about freedom of expression, and stuff like that. But sitting in front of my computer, putting on a Rancid CD, and thinking how easy I've got it — it just doesn't cut it.

There's the 60's-inspired activist stuff too... I've got to do something about this, I've got to help them somehow, let's have a benefit and send them the money, blah blah blah. It might make me feel less guilty for living in a place that doesn't suck too bad, but it won't really help. Nothing much will help, except maybe time.

I suppose I could write a column about it. But it won't make me feel any better about the whole thing. Some things are just plain sad.



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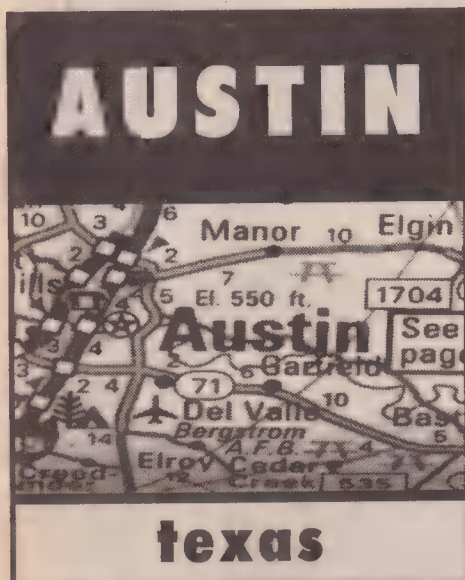
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When MTV did a news special on Austin in hopes of methodically hyping it up to be the next Seattle, one interviewer asked a local scallywag, "Is it true that everyone who lives here is in a band?" he replied, "I'm in two...." This statement, from a person chosen at random on the street, seems to typify the whole Austin "scene." Most people here are in a band or two or three or are doing a zine or running a label or something and as a result, there are about a zillion bands, zines, labels and other stuff in this relatively small Texas town. So many, in fact, that to mention them all would fill all the pages of **Punk Planet**. So I will have to limit myself to only those who have stuff out or coming out or are quickly up and coming. So buckle your seatbelt this will be a bumpy ride.

I'll arbitrarily start with the fabulous **FuckEmos** because I have been workin' the shit out of their new CD on **Rise Records** entitled, "The FuckEmos Can Kill You." They have a sorta metal guitar sound with enough of a punk rock rhythm section to not be totally metal. The best part about them, however, is their singer who doesn't really sing but rather moo's some of the sickest and silliest lyrics you'll ever hear. One song "Pedophile" goes like this, "Do you like Candy? Come into my car and I'll make you the star of my movie...I'll give you a twinkie..." In addition to this completely awesome CD they also have two, yes two, brand new split singles with the **Cherubs** (one on **Unclean** and one on **Trance**). Why two? I don't know but they both, I hear, are the "do each others songs" type of split and will probably be the last two songs released by the **Cherubs** since their recent break up (check out their LP's on **Trance** if you like noisy dissonant heavy basslines and annoying singing stuff.)

Speaking of break up, **Johnboy**, probably Austin's most up and coming/one way ticket to stardom band broke up about three weeks ago. They have a very heavy Slint/Bitchmagnet

sorta quiet feel with lots of really heavy off tempo parts and very quiet angry screaming. Their second album will be out on **Trance** in late August and is completely incredible. Who knows maybe they'll get back together and tour Europe with Sugar like they we're supposed to.

Leaving for a tour of the midwest, as I type this is the **American Psycho Band**. They have been compared to Swiz but have a much heavier bass sound and alternating totally screamed or totally whispered lyrics. Mike, their singer and bass player hates everyone. They are finally releasing a follow up to their debut 7" on **Drive**. However, they are both ironically, split 7"s. (What's with all the split seven inches around here?) The first one to come out will be with **Wall Fed Smile**, a really happy poppy energetic band from Houston with lots syrupy love songs. It will make for a nice contrast to the really heavy hate songs of the American Psycho Band. (although I am sorta biased since it will be on my label, **Little Deputy Records**.) The other split is with **16**, from somewhere up north, and should be equally great with special Pushead cover art, maybe.

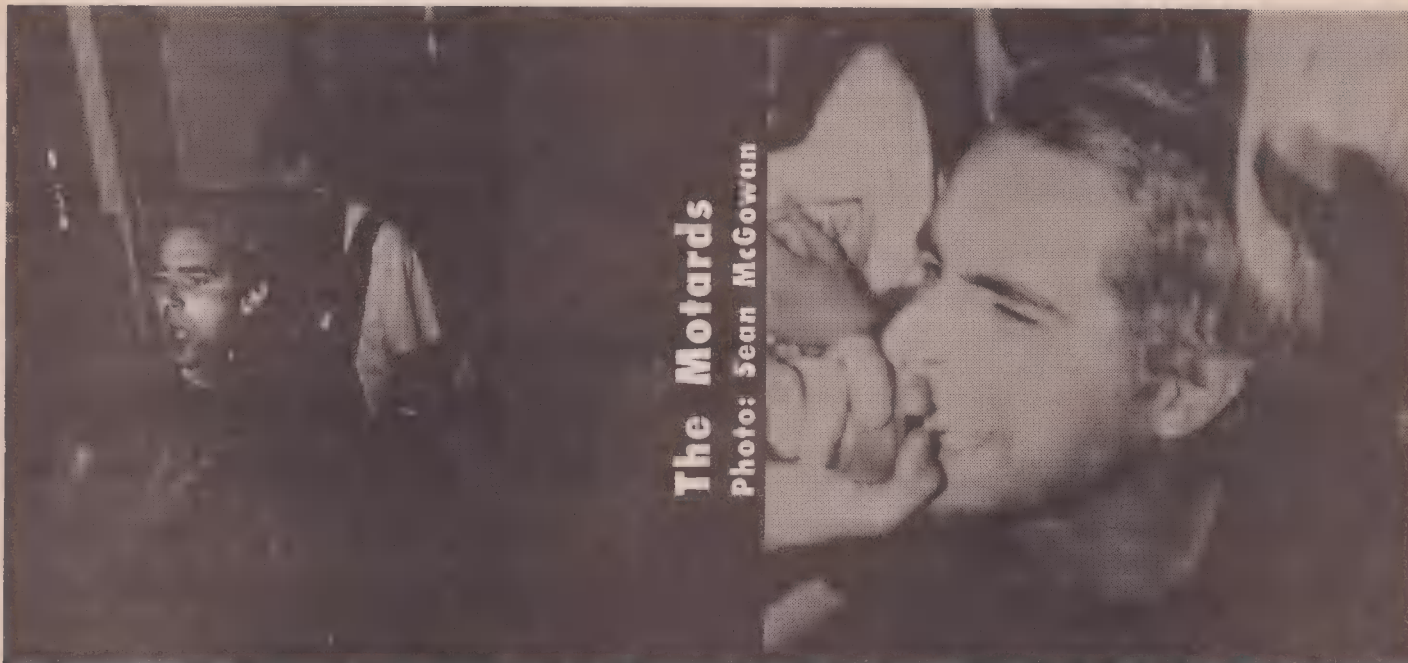
Kidsmeal is another great band on **Little D**. Their full length LP will be out in September. Most people that hear them think they sound a lot like a sped up Fuel. They are the most hyperactive band I've seen and go all out at every show (plus they are all really cute.) They also have an old split single with **Gomez** on **Buddy System records**. **Buddy System** is run by these two twins, Matt and Mark, and have other records out by **El Santo** (San Antonio) and a new one from the **Action Patrol** (Durham N.C.) which is a mix of John Henry West and a really punk Fugazi. The two twins each do zines as well. One is called **Peaches and Herbicide**, which got zine of the month recently in Maximum Rock N' Roll and is hilarious the other is **Fat Kid Fanzine**. Both

are known for their beautiful layout, personal reflections and DIY feel. One of the twins was also in **Figbash**, who had the best song on the "Comping an Attitude" 10" on **Turkey Baster Records**. This is probably the best local punk comp to come out of Texas in a long time. It also features **Kidsmeal**, **Gomez**, **El Santo** (RIP), **Krayons**, **Minority** (RIP) and **Stretford**. **Turkeybaster** has some other fine releases too, like the "Stop Homophobia" comp 7" with **Fagbash**, **Pansy Division**, **Black Angel Death Song** and some band whose name escapes me (sorry). There is also a brand new 7" from **Polio** who are a sorta new band that sound like a much more talented, complex and punk rock Jesus Lizard. Bones who helps do **Turkeybaster** also does a zine called **Spiderworks**. It comes out very infrequently but a new issue is on the way complete with a 7" entitled "One Beer Short of a Six-Pack" which is a bunch of bands like **Schlong**, **Quincy Punx**, **Motards**, and **Cryin' Out Louds** doing songs about drinking.

Stretford is a sorta '77 jam/Buzzcocks band with a great old 7" called the "Target e.p." (**Unclean**) and a newer one "Xerox Love" (**Rise**). The first is much better and cheaper. They are currently recording their album and I believe it will be on **Tuckin** Records along with a ton of other great new stuff. For example **Crown Roast** (formerly **Rig**) has a new LP/CD called "A Nose Has Many Jobs" that is absolutely incredible. It is an ultra fast oh so heavy Am Rep/ hardcore feel with lots of variety and punch. They will be touring the midwest in August, so don't miss them.

Also new on **Unclean** is the **Sons of Hercules** LP/CD. This, in my opinion, is the best garage punk album out now anywhere. It has a total MC5 and a sixties punk feel to it. Their singer is about ten feet tall and looks just like Iggy Pop, except way scarier. He is pure evil! They are so completely smokin' live that I want to die.





The Motards
Photo: Sean McGowan

There are a bunch of other wonderful garage bands from Austin too. The **Motards**, although fairly new, have become extremely popular. They are a lot like the Dwarves (don't give ■ fuck and play faster) but with a lot more musical sensibility. They have a single they put out themselves which rules!!! and some new ones on the way from **Bag of Hammers** and **Ripoff Records**. They will also have a split seven with another rockin' band from the Texas capital, **The Cryin' Out Louds**, have a similar sound but are way more rockin' with less speed, but definitely not slow. Their guitarist was in the Washington's infamous Kings of Rock and their singer won the Hate comics, Buddy Bradley look alike contest in an early issue. They are gonna have a single on **Ripoff Records** too I hear.

Another fine garage band is the **Inhalants**. They have more of a lo fi Sound and will have a single out on **Estrus Records** and have a new single out on **Bag of Hammers** which is great. You can read about the **Inhalants** in ■ superb little local zine call **U-236** because they are the editor's, Pharmaco Dave, favorite band. Note: Pharmaco is a human guinea pig place here in town who pays you to lock you up there and test experimental drugs for side effects. They give you tons of money for it too. **U-236** is sorta like ■ mini Gearhead magazine, with reviews of shows records and beer, comics and other neat stuff.

Also found quite frequently in the pages of **U-236** are **Jack O' Fire** a lo fi completely rocking ultra hot bluesrock band. They do lots of old covers and have the coolest harmonica playin' singer I've ever seen. As you might know Tim Kerr from the Big Boys plays guitar for them. But you probably don't know that Josh from for Rain Like the Sounds of Trains, in D.C., plays drums. You may ask how do they have shows with people living so far apart. Well, they

spend all their money flying Josh out every once and a while to play or record. Therefore, even though they have tons of great seven inches, a couple 10"s and a CD out they are broke(at least that's what I hear.)

Another great bands worth mentioning is **Paul**. Who is an all girl trio that has a new CD coming out on **K Records** that I hear is stupendous. Their drummer plays only two or three drums and usually no cymbals and any one of them could drink you under the table.

Now for some very exciting news about Austin: **Plaid Retina** (Very Small and Lookout Records) it seems are tired of CA. and want ■ new environment. So they are packin up and moving to the hometown of **Little Deputy Records** on which their newest 7" is out now and I must say is the best thing they have recorded to date. And speaking of **Plaid Retina**, Austin is home to another band who happens to have a very remarkably similar sound to them called **That**. Rumor has it they will have ■ 7" out on **Bunkhouse Records** very soon. Mark the President of **Pariah** also does a little weekly zine called **Apathy Trend** with a friend from Houston. It is packed with show, zine and record reviews of just about every band in town. It is a great way to keep up with what is going on around town. **Bunkhouse** also has two comp 7"s out. The first came out last year and is called, "Penis Cowboy Vol. 1." It has **Tabitha**, **Sourball**, **Andromeda Strain** (who has a new 7" out on ■ **inch Doyle Records**) and **Noodle**. The second is a double 7" that is pretty new with **Noodle**, **That**, **Green Couch(RIP)**, and more. **Noodle** besides being on both the comps has a 10" out on ■ **brand new 7"** that is a sort of split label release with **Stud** and **Little Deputy** called "I Had a Wet Dream About the Girls from 90210." They have really silly lyrics, as you can tell, but can rock with the best of

them. They just finished a short tour in June of the West coast and will have ■ new CD out later this year. Greg Beets their singer does a zine under the Alias of Gerg Steeb with Zzub Narom or something called **H.H.B.** is ■ short simply hilarious collection of rants, ravings and reviews of various all you can eat places in town. Lots of funny commentary and other stuff. Zzub, aka Buzz is also ■ local rock star and in two or three bands. The best of these is the **Unliked**. They are Austin's, if not the World's, most hated band. They are totally raw punk rock and just ooze hate out of every fiber of their body. With aliases like Glen Dandruff, Fozzy Ozbourne and He Who Cannot Play how could you go wrong. They play very sporadically which leaves Buzz time to play in a new band in town called **Big Horny Hustler**. They have only played two, or three times but everyone in town agrees they are excellent. I think they soun like a weird combo of Kildozzer, Scratch Acid, and Funkadelic, though definitely not funky just sorta quirky weird sometimes with Rorshach vocals. They will be big stars, so watch for them. Buzz is also in the **Peen Beets** with Greg Beets who in my opinion are just a bunch of Unliked wannabees (without the hate and more silly but good.) They have sorta vaguely been around since Greg was in high school (a good eight or nine years or so ago).

The only person in more bands than Buzz that I Know of is Chepo. He plays bass for **Sincola**(sorta alternative college crowd pseudo riot girl type stuff recently signed to Caroline), the **Peen Beets**, **Gomez**, occasionally the **Unliked** and a few other bands. **Gomez** is the most popular of those bands, in the sorta punk circlces at least. They have a seven inch and a brand new split with **All You Can Eat** from San Francisco(with cool hand colored covers)



Kidsmeal
Photo: Danielle McNeill

on **Little Deputy** in addition to the other things previously mentioned. They recently went from a three to a four piece and ruined the, "You have to be chubby to be in the front" rule but sound much thicker now. Their new Lp/CD will be out in October on **Little Deputy** and should be touring around then so watch for them.

Gut, my favorite Austin band by far, will also be touring soon (September). They have a sorta combo of No Means No rhythms, with wierd Six Finger Satellite guitar sound with alternating very slow and quiet to totally rockin' heavy parts. Their singer looks and acts like Bruce Lee and they love Mortal Kombat so much they have a new song about it on an upcoming comp CD out of College station on **Dot Zit**, (not yet titled). Featuring **Kidsmeal**, **Johnboy**, **Gomez**, **Boywonder** (sorta **Johnboyish** but more punk rock I haven't seen them enough yet to really say though, **Madhead** Of Slothful (New Mexico) **Glorium** and a few more I forgot. It should be great. Gut also has a split LP w/ **Boy Wonder** on **Dot Zit** and a 7" and a split with **Glorium** on **Powernap Records** outta Houston. All of which are excellent. Their bass player is also in a way cool country outfit called **Otis Crumley**. They are totally fun and do a bunch of heartfelt originals plus some covers like "Mr. Roboto" by Styx and a Fugazi song. If you like to drink beer and hear songs about how women stink and driving drunk you'll love them.

Glorium just finished their second US tour recently. They have been compared to Nation of Ulysses and Sonic Youth and a few others. They have a few wonderful 7"s out that all sound a little different in terms of stlye etc but all are fully raw. In addition their Lp/CD will be out soon on **Undone** and the parts I've heard are absolutely incredible. The best part is they are all really nice.

Sap is another band touring this summer. They will be traveling the West coast in August and sound sorta like Rapeman and Don Caballero. They just recorded three songs one of which will probably be on an upcoming **Fuck Emos** comp they other two will be on their first 7". **Sap**, along with a ton of other bands just recorded for the "Live at Emo's CD" pt 2. **Sap** is one of the biggest and definitely most popular clubs in town for the eighteen and over crowd. Why? Well if you are over twenty one its FREE, always, and \$5 for minors. How do they pay the bands then, you may ask? Well everyone here drinks so much, that they can pay them out of the bar money. This is not just for little local bands either, this is for pretty much all decent touring bands that come through. They all make a ton of money and get a bunch of free beer. It's amazing that it works but it does. Anyway there is one "Live at Emo's comp CD" already with **FuckEmos**, **Gut**, **Glorium**, **American Psycho Band**, **Chaindrive**, **Ed Hall**, **Cherubs**, **Noodle**, **Didjits**, **Cows**, **Sockeye** (not The shitty band) and **Seaweed** and one on the way with **Sap**, **Stretford**, and more I'm not really sure yet. They are all recorded live so the sound quality isn't that great but it is way better than most live recordings you hear and is a decent sample of local stuff with some national stuff on it. I guess to sell more product. It has the ugliest cover art of all time though, it resembles this shitty old skateboard i had when I was 13.

The only other real club open now is the **Flamingo**. They are much smaller but are way cooler. The **Flamingo** is a gay transvestite bar that on most nights has drag shows and the like but two or three nights a week has punk shows. They have more of the smaller local bands there, as well as the less known touring ones. It's sorta all ages, if they don't

ask for your id, but is really officially 18 and up. However it is closing this month and moving down the street to a much larger location that will supposedly be all ages.

The only other people putting on shows are some kids from a straight edge band called **Direction**, who are pretty darn good if you like straight edge). They were doing shows at a local warehouse (Rancid and Total Chaos played there) and are now doing shows at a VFW hall (Chokehold and some other pretty large band has played there since). The shows are all ages and supposedly working out pretty well.

While I'm on the subject of venues there is this way cool total DIY place in Dallas that just opened that I feel i should mention. It's called the **Rudi Room** or **Rudi Column** and is a record store, anarchist book store and club all in one. It is brand new but very cool. So if you are trying to get a show in Big D give them a call. **Carbomb** from Copperas Cove played there recently and are totally awesome. they have one guy from Kidsmeal, Chris, in it and another one that's moving here in August for school. They have played in town a few times and are incredibly rad. They sorta have a Nation of Ulysess sound but way more punk than emo. They have a tape out of just them and a split tape with **Brick**, also from Cove and featuring Chris (totally awesome grindcore super short songs sorta stuff. I can't wait to see them live.)

Boy this is long. As you can see there are a ton of bands and these are just some of the older or better ones. New bands seem to pop up all the time and most of them are actually pretty good. Some other bands worth mentioning are **Red River Lurp**, **the Saddlesores** a C & W sorta band band whose singer does a magazine called **The Antichrist** which is an assortment of very serious philosophical writings from various people. one of them being Lance Fever from **Cali Panic** a weird ska band with silly lyrics and a seven inch on their own label, **Goopy Pyramid**, and a few other things out. **Hurtbox** is another good band around who I haven't really seen yet but I hear they sound like Black Flag and Helmet. Who knows. **Chaindrive** (sorta really fast Antiseen/Stooges) has a new LP out on **Monkey Boy Records** as well as a split with the **Fuckemos** on 6" **Doyle** and a single of their own on **Scratched Records** outta Dallas. The **Brownie** are a brand new band and are really great. I think they sorta sound like John Henry West and Nirvana put together. What a weird combination but it works. Also brand new on the scene are the **Satans** (really fast totally hot garage punk ala the newer New Bomb Turks newer stuff.) who have played a couple a shows and everyone loves them. The **Nubies** are great as well. They have never played but have a 7" out on **Fl** that sorta smolders in its own excellence. Good luck getting one though because there were only 45 made. That's all I can think of for now so let's move on to zines. There has been a recent onslaught of zines in the past six or nine months and a lot of them

are really good. **HO BOY** is in my opinion, the best but I write for it. Unlike most zines around there is not so much of a focus on local bands. Inside there are columns, reviews of both shows and records, articles, interviews with national touring bands and comic here and there. Sorta like a smaller much more sarcastic and asshole Maximum Rock and Roll.

Pocket Pack is a mini zine that is about two inches by one inch in size. Inside you'll find mostly personal writings about whatever comes to the author's, Sly R. Son, mind. There is always a comic or two, record cover reviews, and mini personal ads. It is very funny and cute. Sly R. Son also works a little on another fine Austin zine called **Boyz in Trouble on the Interstate**. Boyz has a bunch of reviews and articles with interviews of local bands and cool games and stuff. Very neat.

Pork A Boo is another zine very similar in content, but has way more kitch pictures, comics, and weirder writings. **Asian Girls are Rad** has absolutely nothing about music. It's main contents are stories and articles that show how rad Asian girls are. It's only purpose it seems is to get you to believe what the title proclaims. All in all it's very funny and worthwhile.

Most of these are available very sporadically at the local record stores in town. **Sound Exchange** and **Waterloo** are the two main ones. **Sound Exchange** has a better variety of most records but doesn't ever have enough of anything long enough for me to get one. And they never have a lot of stuff I really want that any truly great record store would know to order. **Waterloo** is more of an adult oriented store in general but has a cool vinyl annex and has a lot of records **Sound Exchange** doesn't have but, also doesn't have much of the basic punk stuff **Sound Exchange** keeps in stock. The good thing is that they always have larger quantities of the stuff they do carry. Besides these places you can find a lot of cool zines at **Europa Books**. They have a much wider variety of local and national mags then the record stores but also have a few not so great ones on the shelf.

Almost done. The only radio station that has any punk rock is **KVRX** formerly **WUTB**, which is the UT radio station. They are just on cable at the moment but were awarded a time share with **KOOP**, a community type radio station, for 91.7 fm last year. **KVRX** is in the process of building the tower right now and according to them will be on the air this fall, although they have been saying that sort of thing for a long time this time it is probably true. Now you are thinking college radio, that usually sucks. Well **KVRX** isn't like most stations of their kind. There are no playlist so the dj's can play pretty much whatever they want and the New Bin, sorta like a collection of new record that the dj's must play any five songs from once an hour, is full of independent label stuff and bunches of seven inches by relatively unknown bands. So their is usually something pretty cool going out over the cable lines to

the supposedly large listening Audience. The only "Punk" show is called **Rescue 917** and airs Wednesday nights from 11pm to 1 am. It features a wide variety of local and national talents, mostly unknown and covers everything from Jawbreaker, to John Henry West to NOFX to the RipOffs to the Phantom Surfers to No Means No. Basically anything out there that is intense and in anyway punk gets played. In addition most of the dj's at the station play some punk rock during the course of their show. So in general, it's pretty cool station and you should send them stuff because unlike most college stations, it will get played.

As far as distribution goes there is one fine fella by the name of Bob who runs Over and Out (which is also a label) and distributes just about every record outta Texas he can get his hands on. He's really easy to deal with and does a hell of a job sellin' stuff. Also Little Deputy (that's me) is trying to start up a little fanzine distribution of local stuff as well as national stuff like Punk Planet and maybe Heartattack. I'm also carrying a few of the better Texas records I can get my hands on as well as other stuff from labels abroad I trade with.

Well I guess that's it. Overall Austin is a really rad place to live with lots of cool bands, zines, labels and stuff. It just gets better and better as the summers get hotter. And in the words of the owner of a local restaurant when asked by Mtv in the aforementioned news special, "Do you have anything to say to everyone out

there about Austin?" He replied, "Don't come here were all full." So take his advice and stay away unless you are only coming to visit. I'm sorry if I forgot anyone out there. You probably just slipped my mind at the time this was being written (or maybe you suck I dunno.)

Here are some helpful addresses (they are all in Austin TX unless otherwise noted).

6" Doyle Po Box 684824, 78768/ Buddy System, Peaches and Herbicide, and Fat Kid-Po Box 66462 49514, 78765/ Bunkhouse-Apathy Trend- 912-A Elizabeth, 78704/ Dot Zit-418 Tauber, College Station, TX. 77840/ Drive-Po Box 50512, 78763/ EV-Po Box 49984, 78765/ Little Deputy-Ho Boy-Red River Lurp-Unliked-Po Box 7066, 78713-7066/ Monkey Boy-5104 Caswell, 78751/ Over & Out-Po Box 49795, 78765/ Povernap-2418 1/2 W. Main, Houston, TX. 77098/ Rise-2116 Guadalupe #210, 78705/ TurkeyBaster-6403 Johnny Morris #12, 78724/ Trance-Po Box 49771, 78765/ Unclean-Po Box 49737, 78765/ Undone-Po Box 4012, 78765/ Blue Flamingo-617 Red River, 78701 (512) 469 0014/ Emos-603 Red River, 78701 (512) 477 EMOS/ VFW Hall Shows I can't find his goddamn number sorry / Rudi Column c/o Dan-(214) 241 5074/ SoundExchange-2100 Guadalupe, 78705 (512)476-CASH/ Waterloo-600 N. Lamar, 78703 (512) 474 2500/ Europa Books-2406 Guadalupe, 78705 (512) 476 0423/ Asian Girls are Rad-707 W. 21st, 78705/ Boyz in Trouble.../Pocket Pack-3208 #2 Duval, 78705/ HEY! HEY! BUFFET! -3903A Wrightwood, 78722/ Peek-a-boo-305 W. 39th #107, 78751/ Spiderworks-Po Box 4333, 78765/ U-236-2303 Rio Grande #6, 78705/ KVRX c/o Rescue 917-Po Box D, 78713-7209 (512) 471 5106

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Pork
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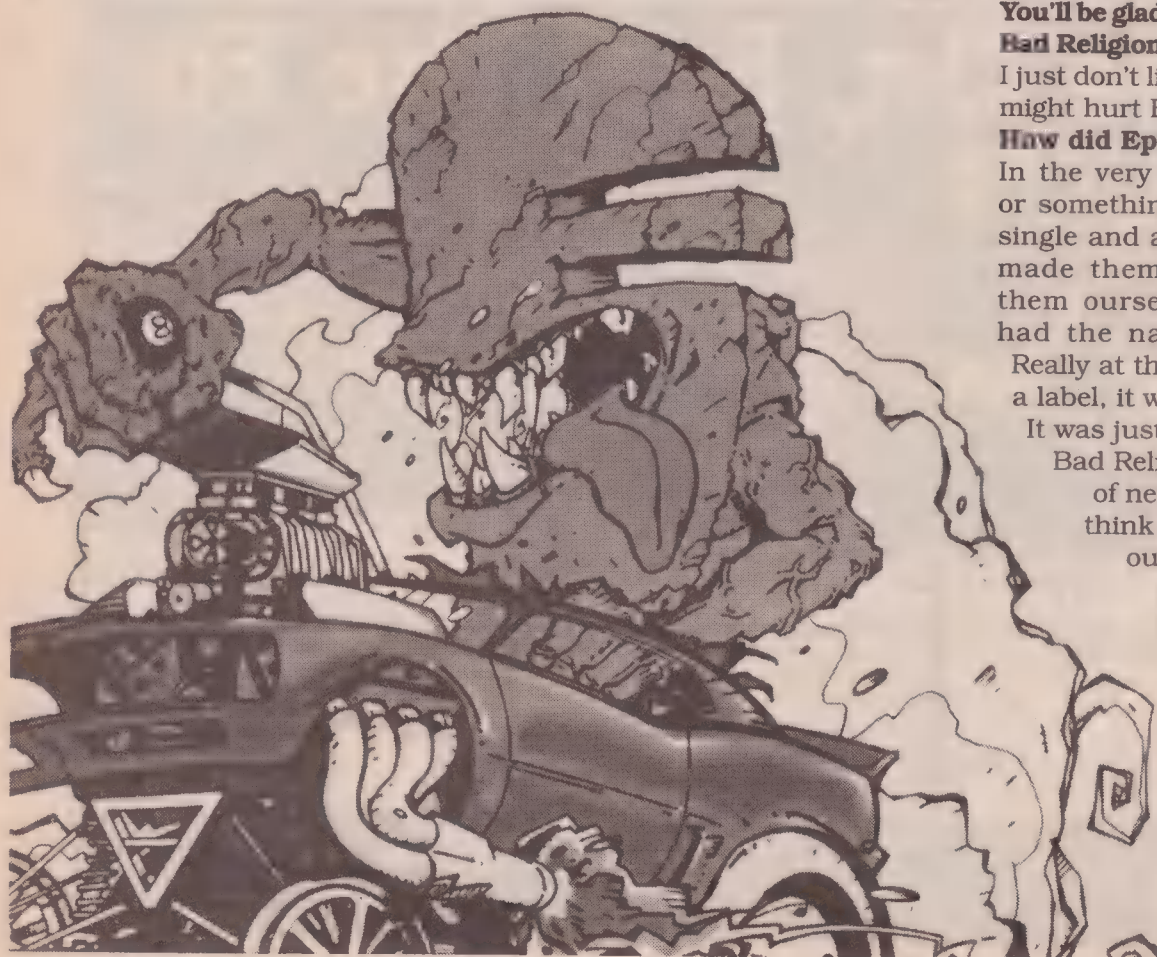


Ringing
Ear
Records

never mind the rumors it's

EPITAPH records

After months of watching The Offspring rise up the Billboard charts, and seeing Rancid on MTV, and hearing hundreds of rumors about how Epitaph had signed a pact with the devil, and had to sacrifice a child, I decided to put an end to the rumors and just get information straight from the source. After a little bit of phone/scheduling problems I finally managed to talk to Brett Guerwitz, the owner (and the ONLY owner) of Epitaph records. We talked for about an hour, and I think he cleared up almost all of the rumors that I had heard. But anyway, read it, then you can talk shit. Interview by Dan Sinker



So you've left Bad Religion now right? And why did you?

Yeah. It's because..... because..... uh.. I don't want to tell you.

I've done it for enough years, and I just didn't feel cool doing it anymore.

Was that because of Bad Religion going to Atlantic Records?

It's because of a lot of things. A lot of it was because of personal disagreements with bandmembers. And, I can't really blame Atlantic for anything, but I didn't really like the way the group was playing its part in that two part relationship.

What do you mean by that?

I thought, you know, there were certain artistic and creative decisions that were being made for the wrong reasons once we changed labels. The group was a little bit too reluctant to rock the boat. And that was definitely the opposite of my feelings.

You'll be glad to know that's the only Bad Religion question I'll be asking.

I just don't like to say anything that might hurt Bad Religion.

How did Epitaph start up?

In the very early days, like 1981 or something, Bad Religion did a single and an LP. At that time we made them ourselves and sold them ourselves, and the record had the name "Epitaph" on it.

Really at that time Epitaph wasn't a label, it was really just a record.

It was just a name we put on the Bad Religion record. It was out

of necessity, since we didn't think anyone else would put

out our records. So, after putting out a couple of

records that way, I did other things for a

number of years. In 1987 or 88, my

other endeavours were panning out, I

was a professional recording engineer at the time, and I had

had numerous odd jobs everywhere

from a salesman at a record distributor to helping out Suzie Shaw with her label, to sound engineering and so forth. So I had had a broad knowledge of the record business, at least the punk rock side of the record business. I was like slaving ninety hour a week as a recording engineer to earn like 1,200 dollars a month or something. It wasn't panning out, so I figured that I'd try to start a label, and try to do it legit this time; to make a concerted effort to be a real label. And you know, to try to make a living that way. At that time, I wasn't in Bad Religion. I signed L7 to be my first release. Around that time, Bad Religion said "hey dude, we've got a show up at Gilman and Hedchin's on tour with the Circle Jerks and can't play, would you play?" and I said that I couldn't even remember how to play the songs, but they told me to come to a rehearsal anyway. So I went to a rehearsal and it turned out that I did remember how to play the songs and Greg had a new song that he taught me. And we had another rehearsal and I wrote a song that ended up being the song "Do What You Want" from the second record. And the Gilman show was fun, and the guys said "hey, let's do a record. Bret, will you put it out on Epitaph like the old days?" And I was like "yeah sure". So we wrote Suffer in a month or two. We released it and it did quite well, and the L7 one did respectably well. One of the next groups I signed was NoFX and it did respectably well. At that time, Epitaph was dinky and I was running it out of the back office of my little recording studio, which was like fifteen dollars an hour, engineer included. Which was why I had to work ninety hours to make ends meet. Back then, the recording studio, which is called West Beach, would lend Epitaph money when it needed to press records, or buy an ad or something. Down the line, when Bad Religion started getting more

popular and NoFX started getting more popular, next thing you know the label was bigger than the recording studio and we had to move out. Then the reverse started happening, Epitaph had to start supporting West Beach, which was fine because most of our artists wanted to record there. And that's basically how it all started. Was that a little long winded?

No, I think long winded implies that it wasn't interesting, but infact it was.

Oh, OK. Then we'll call it anecdotal. **There you go.**

So that brings us to Epitaph now. Which is really what I want to focus on, and what I think a lot of people are kind of wondering about. Seems almost like Epitaph is 'playing the game', you know?

It might seem like it but we're really not. I mean if you mean buying advertising, you know we advertise our records.

What I'm talking about more is MTV..

Yeah, but we don't 'play' anything, we just send stuff to them. We've always done that. I've been doing that since 1987.

Oh really?!

Yeah, they just never decided to play them. I mean everyone does that. Touch and Go sends them videos. I mean lots of bands on AT [Alternative Tentacles] have videos. Not all our bands decide to do videos. Some decide to, some decide not to. It depends on the group. If a group doesn't want us to send their video to Mtv, we won't. NoFX asked me not to this year so I didn't. But Down By Law wants me to, so I do. I think the one of the main precepts I have that keeps Epitaph being Epitaph, and will hopefully help to do that, no matter how many records we sell is that the artist will always be the boss, not me. No matter what, I do what they ask me to do. I mean, as long as I can do it without compromising my own integrity.

That keeps it in a pretty good perspective.

As far as 'playing the game,' there are ways of leveraging Mtv. We don't do it, we don't play that. But some label can call up Mtv and say "you're not gonna get the Michael Jackson exclusive unless you put Wheezer on," I don't fucking know who's on what label. We don't do that kind of crap. Our groups make a video if they want to and then we mail it to Mtv. The reason that Mtv started banging the shit out of "Come Out and Play" by The Offspring is because of radio. They jumped on it after radio. They had had it there for a long time and were just occasionally playing it on 120 Minutes. Which Bad Religion, "Atomic Garden" from the Generator record got played on 120 minutes also.

So then to what do you attribute the success of The Offspring on radio?

Well, I think it's a really catchy song. We send the CDs to radio, and we always have. And usually our main mailing is to college radio. But you know? I never even had a radio person. Even when we released the Offspring record, I didn't have anyone doing radio at Epitaph. Not a single person. We've never gotten ANY radio airplay. Mammoth and Matador get way more; they're that kind of a label, you know what I mean? Even before they were bought up by majors. Back like when Bad Religion's Generator was out, Bad Religion was selling quite well. You'd see on the CMJ [College Music Journal] radio chart though that we'd be like number sixty. But you'd look at the CMJ top retail, we'd be number nine. So what I thought, is that College Radio is blackballing Epitaph because we don't put out College Rock Music; it doesn't sound like 4AD. So they're blackballing us. So even when we had a record that sold a lot, it didn't correlate to college radio at all. We just pretty much mailed them to people and didn't do

anything else. And there were a certain number of commercial stations, if they had specialty shows or midnight jocks who would play shit, we'd send them a copy, and that was the extent of it. And that's what we did with "Come Out and Play." Then we got a phone call from KROQ in Los Angeles, which is a massively influential "modern rock" commercial station, modern rock is not my terminology, it's what they call it. And they said "hey, we really love the song 'Come Out and Play', don't be surprised if we put it on the air even before you release the record." And we were like "Ok, cool". And they called us back in an hour and said "Put on K-Rock right now, we're playing it." And that's how it happened. Apparently when they played it the phones—they judge response by phones—went crazy with kids requesting it. Maybe it was because Offspring's from LA, maybe it's because it's a catchy song. Maybe it's a little bit of both. So K-Rock started playing the hell out of it and they're very influential so WFNX in Boston started playing it, DRE in New York started playing the hell out of it. And it seemed like everyone who played it got a very good phone response. The whole thing started spontaneously and organically.

So did that take you guys completely by surprise?

OH COMPLETELY!! Are you kidding? We never even had college airplay!! Pennywise gets one tenth the airplay of someone like Buffalo Tom. You know what I'm getting at? They probably sell ten times as many records as Buffalo Tom so, you know, I never really cared. I've never cared about radio in the slightest. We've always been the label that the groups had a lot of fans and good tours, and very little media attention whatsoever! Other than fanzines ofcourse. But in terms of radio or Tv? Zilch! And I always thought that that was kind

of liberating because that meant that we were less dependant on that kind of thing.

So are you sort of torn now? Between the success and the fact that Epitaph is now being looked at by a lot of people as 'just another major label'?

We're not a major label. I can't help it if people say that, I know we're not. You can print this, I turned down over twenty million dollars.

Oh my god!

I'm not a sellout and I didn't sell out. Let someone look me in the face and tell me that they'd turn down a check for twenty million dollars. Because that's what I did. So I know how independant we are. We just took out a full page ad in Billboard that says, "To whom it may concern, Epitaph salutes you," and it's every single person that works at Epitaph giving the finger. So, you know, I think what we've done is help the indie scene enormously. We've shown bands that there's no reason to go to a major EVER. And no, we're not a major. And you can talk to any

artist on Epitaph about how we treat them, or our relationship. They can call and get me on the phone. If they ever need anything, we're there to help. Then talk to an artist that's on a major label. It's dynamic. I'm happy about what we've done.

As far as how I feel about radio & Mtv exposure, in my opinion punk rock is great music. I don't know if you know this, but the Sex Pistols had hit singles in England. They didn't do much here because America wasn't ready to embrace punk rock in 1977. Maybe America is ready in 1994, I'm not sure. The thing is, what's wrong with radio having good music on it? Why does it always have to have shit music on? If our music can be blasting over the radio, then we're influencing pop culture. And these bands are giving a voice to their peers. It's big and meaningful and exciting.

A while ago you were talking about the bands on Epitaph and treating the well. Now I had heard somewhere that you have a benefits package for bands and employees?



You mean like insurance and that kind of thing?

Yeah

Not right now, I'm looking into that. We do everything short of that.

Now for something a little different, what was up with the movie "The Chase?"

Oh, that's a long story, but I'll try to make it short. This guy calls Epitaph and says that he's doing a movie called The Chase for Twentieth Century Fox and they want to use a couple of our songs. So I said that I would like to see the movie first. And they said OK, Henry Rollins is in it, and so's Flea and Anthony [from the red hot chillie peppers]. So I saw a rough cut. Now granted I didn't have enough time to... Did you see the movie?

I haven't.

Good, it's terrible.

I can only imagine.

I was on my way to go to Europe on tour and I had to watch this thing. So I'm sitting in this office watching it. And I watch the first fifteen minutes and it's pretty funny and pretty punk. And I fast forwarded it to another piece and it was pretty good, and I thought that it looked pretty cool. I pictured it as sort of a Repo Man style movie. So then the guy wanted like a few songs at first, and it ended up that he was putting a lot of our music in the movie. Which I thought would be pretty good exposure and the movie ended up being embarrassing. But anyway, the guy was like "how much" and I told him since it's almost all our music I'll let you license the songs for free if we can put out the soundtrack album. He was telling me that he was going to have some other artists and stuff, which were like cool artists—which didn't end up happening. So the movie came out, and I was trying to do the artwork for the record and I asked him to send me some elements from the movie that I can use to create an album package. So he sent me this picture... Who's that actor in the movie?

Charlie Sheen

He sent me a picture of Charlie Sheen and Buffy the Vampire Killer or whatever her name is. And it was like this airbrushed photo of them with this BMW coming out of a sunset. And it was just really terrible. And I told him that I couldn't use the picture in the album art. You know? He's asking me to put out this edgy punk rock record and that's what reflects what's in the movie. I can't have it look like this, you know? So I said give me a picture of something else, you know? Give me a picture of Rollins blowing up a helicopter, or ANYTHING! A wipe out, anything. Just give me a selection of action stills from the movie or something that looks edgy and exciting, and I'll just take that and we'll just use that. And they said no! The only way they could do that was to go through some lengthy beurocratic process where they could approve what they called an "alternate marketing image." So I said well fuck it, I won't put the thing out.

So the soundtrack never actually came out?

No, I never did it. It says it in the movie and in the advertising, but I didn't do it.

Wow, go figure.

Yeah.

Who distributes Epitaph now?

Red, Caroline, Smash, Revolver, Twin Cities, Dutch East, Buried Treasure, Get Hip, Cargo, Rotz and some others. That's just in the US and Canada. Six indie distributors in Europe.

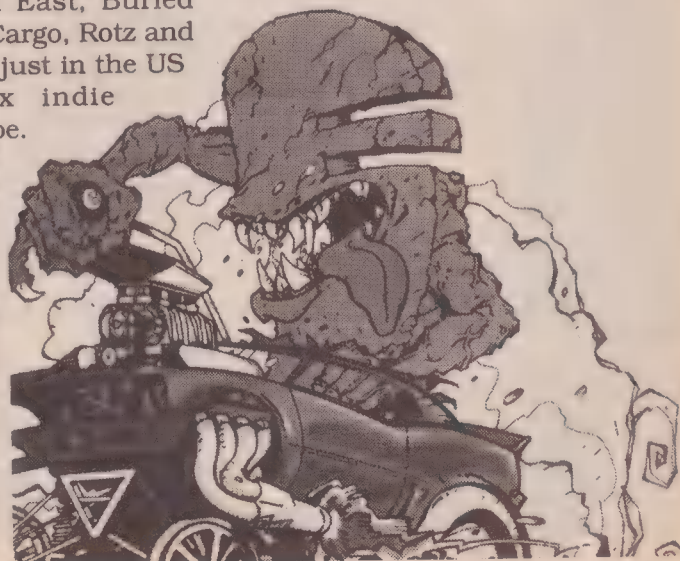
So what do you see as the future of Epitaph? Where do you think it will go from here?

That's a good question. I don't really know. We've got a lot of great groups, I think... Hopefully it will just keep going the way it's going. If

you're asking do I think we'll have a bunch of platinum records, I'm not planning for that. And I'm not trying for that. The important thing for me is that we don't turn into this big, bloated machine because of all this dough we've made. That we'll have to have platinum records to feed the monster we've created. So I want to stay lean. I don't know how much you know about us, but we're really into technology. We use computers a lot here. We do a lot with a little. We have fewer employees than Touch and Go, for instance.

How many people work at Epitaph?

We have about thirteen people, maybe fifteen now. But still, considering what we've done, we have very few people. That's way fewer than Maximum Rock and Roll has. So, my goal is to stay small, and to keep the spirit the same. Not small in that I'm hoping to sell less records, but I want to do it in the same way. If it ever happens again, I want it to happen naturally and organically. And if it never does happen again, I want us to keep going from where we were before that record hit. You know, sign cool bands, release their records, give them tour support, give them a nurturing environment where they can be creative and make their music and not stress.



Allied Recordings

a talk with John Yates

John Yates has spent the past few years involved in running the punk record label Allied Recordings. It has seen the release of an incredible number of records and has done well to force itself to be known. The only problem is that this has ended with serious financial problems for John and the record company. Besides that He also works at Alternative Tentacles doing graphic work and has published his own fanzine. I didn't know much about these things when I made this call to him, but that's what the purpose of the interview was anyway.

Punk Planet: What was your goal when you originally started Allied Recordings?

John Yates: Well, Initially there was no goal at all, it was just I'd worked for A.T. [Alternative Tentacles] and had been involved with the "music business" for a while, but I'd never actually put out a record myself so I just intended it to be a one time thing with the Neurosis single which was the first thing I put out. So, I put that out, and I kinda enjoyed that and it was a lot easier then I thought it was gonna be. So I decided, well maybe I'll try another one and it just kinda went on from there. So, initially the only goal was just to get one record out for Neurosis, who were friends of mine.

PP: Did a purpose evolve from you doing it or did you just keep doing it for fun?

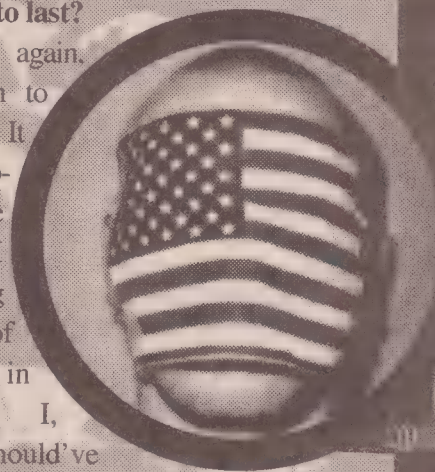
J.Y.: Initially it was just fun and I carried on doing it and then it became, obviously the more you put into it and the more you put out, it's still fun for me, but it takes on a whole

other aspect because of the financial involvement. Unfortunately that's a reality of it. Anyway you look at it it's a financial venture.

So it kinda takes on other meanings, I mean I wouldn't be doing it now if I still didn't get anything out of it, like I didn't enjoy it or anything like that.

PP: A while back I heard from a record store person here and from Mordam that you were going to call off doing Allied and then read in a press release thing that you were just going on break, so how long is that going to last?

J.Y.: That, again, came down to the dollar. It was just crippling me because I was putting out a lot of stuff that in retrospect I, maybe, should've been a little more cautious with. I was just putting out stuff, music that I liked-which is what I always try to do, but in certain cases I'd get a tape and maybe I should've considered doing a single or an E.P. rather than a full album and I just went ahead and did a full album and CD. So financially, through my own fault, it was just kinda getting a little too much so I decided to take a summer break which I'm currently on, but I'll be putting out another release in September and then there'll probably be one in November, but after that I've made a point of not taking anything new on until I kinda had a better idea about how things were going and taking the break was also to



see if I could recoup some of the cost that I'd laid out over the last two months. The beginning of this year I kind of over-killed things. It's my own fault, but I just had to take a break for that reason.

PP: So what are those two upcoming albums?

J.Y.: A Schwarzenegger mini-album. That's gonna be an eight song CD. It's supposed to be in September, but it looks like it'll be delayed 'til October. Then I'm gonna do a CD of the entire Fuel back catalog thing, repress the album and everything.

PP: Are you going to do any more comps like the Emergency Broadcast Systems?

J.Y.: I'd like to. That was just initially a way to get stuff out. When I just get tapes from people that maybe wasn't enough that I wanted to do a single, but there was definitely maybe one or two really good tracks on the tape. So I started that Emergency Broadcast Series and I've gotten some recently that I'd like to do another one, but again, I haven't been willing to say "yes" and start the process because I wanted to wait and see if, financially, I could afford to do it. I'd like to continue to do those. I'd definitely like to do another similar to the Music for the Proletariat comp. If not a 7" comp, like a CD comp or something.

PP: So how did you originally get involved with Alternative Tentacles and the Dead Kennedys?

J.Y.: Well, I'm originally from England and I've been here six years. When I was in England I used to do free-lance work for A.T. in their London office and I used to trade artwork back and forth and magazines with Biafra for a few years before I actually moved over here. So it just kinda all happened through the mail and just knowing the people in the London office and then I ended up coming out one summer and kinda working quietly at A.T. here in San Francisco on a

couple of things, spent two months here then went back home. Then I ended up getting a call early in the following year saying that if I wanted the job and could get out to the states then it was mine, so that was pretty much how it started.

PP: I thought that you had done all the collage stuff on all the Dead Kennedys albums, is that wrong?

J.Y.: No, the only actual Dead Kennedys album that I worked on was the compilation, Give me Convenience. That was the first thing that I did. Prior to that it was like Biafra usually did all the collage stuff and then he was usually helped out a lot by Winston Smith who's responsible for most of their early covers and stuff like that. I actually got in after that.

PP: I was under the impression that Winston Smith was like a name that you had worked under [thanks Dan!], but I suppose not.

J.Y.: No, no.

PP: Well, what's the deal with your zine, Punchline?

J.Y.: Well, the series is done with now. I did 14 issues over five years or something like that. Each issue had a theme that related to a certain social or political issue and then myself together with a group of other people, which varied from issue to issue, just friends that I got to know through the mail and what not, would all produce artwork pertaining to that one theme and then I'd just collect the artwork



and then basically assemble it all, pay for the printing and production of everything, I would solicit the ads that would help pay for the printing and just put them out. At one point it was running quarterly, but I got the fourteen and I kinda felt that I'd taken it as far as a could take it. I stopped doing that last year. This anthology book collection on AK Press just came out called, "Stealworks" which is basically an anthology of the fourteen issues to date and then also covers the stuff that I'd done for Alternative Tentacles and Allied and a couple of other side projects that I'd done.

PP: How did you arrive at your current state of collage art?

J.Y.: Well, these days I don't know how much of the stuff I do is really collage work. I mean most of the stuff I do today, like the stuff for Punchline isn't. I'm not really doing much collage work these days.

PP: What do you do mainly then?

J.Y.: Well, since I'm not doing artwork for the magazine at this point I'm really only working within the music field at the moment. So I'm just doing design work and graphics for myself, A.T. and freelance jobs that I pick up here and there. But artistically, for graphics I haven't really done much in about a year.

PP: Are you thinking of expanding your artistic works to music or anything?

J.Y.: For myself?

PP: Yeah.

J.Y.: No, that's one of the reasons that I wanted to do the label was because I can't play an instrument at all, and I've tried and I can't play for shit. So, I've never had that opportunity to have a creative outlet any other way, this is the nearest I can get to being in a band I guess, or whatever. So I kinda have to live vicariously through other bands that I deal with and what not. But I can't really see myself getting to the point where I'm gonna be on stage or anything like that.

PP: Do you have any advice to people aspiring to do a label or any warnings?

J.Y.: Warnings-definitely, take it slowly at first. I put out 45 releases in four years and a lot of those were two format releases, so you can get in a little too far and then you kinda have to pay the penalty for that, and you can be nice and help out bands as much as you want, but in the long run if your not careful you're going to hurt yourself and that, ultimately hurts the bands,

which is the situation that I think I've put myself in. Sometimes these days I feel that I'm not doing a band a service by putting out

their record

because I don't

feel that I

have the

ability to

really help

the band sell

it, which is

unfortunate. I

would say that, and

if you're gonna start off a

label, start off with 7"s and stuff like that and just take it slowly and build it slowly

and as far as any other help, pertaining to actual production process and stuff like

that. If anyone is ever considering that they're welcome to write me and I'll give

them any addresses or

whatever they might need for

that kinda stuff.

PP: That's all I have to ask, do you wanna leave anything like an address or info about that book?

J.Y.: Yeah, John Yates; PO Box 460683; San Francisco, CA 94146-0683. The book, Stealworks, is available for \$11.95 from AK Press; PO Box 40682; San Francisco, CA 94140-0682.



PUNKS WITH AIDS

The first part in a series that does not end here



So you think that AIDS is someone else's disease and you don't think it's your problem. You maybe think that you CAN'T get HIV because you know better. You didn't even consider that the last beautiful, attractive, sexy person you had sex with could have given you something that could kill you. Well, I'm here to prove you wrong.

Kids get AIDS. Punks get AIDS. It's not fiction.

PP: So, who are you?

Paul: My name is Paul Dalton. I'm a 27 year old bisexual punk. I grew up in upstate New York, and I've been out here in California for about four years.

PP: When did you first learn you were HIV+?

Paul: I found out first in November of 1992. It was a routine HIV test. I was getting tested regularly every six months at least prior to that. One time I went in, and it was convoluted because I got an indeterminate test. Without getting into the specifics, it was inconclusive - they couldn't say if it was positive or negative. I was an HIV educator and I knew that it meant it was almost definitely positive. There are some cases where those tests turn out negative, but

not usually - usually it's positive. But I didn't know for sure - I didn't have a positive result. I was sort of in a no man's land between positive and negative. I didn't know what to do about it, so I didn't do anything about it. I didn't talk to anybody about it. I didn't really think about it. I just went into pretty complete denial. I got really drunk a few weeks later when I was in Atlanta and blurted out a bunch of stuff to all these people. There were people there who knew people from here in California so I sort of forced my own hand. When I came back from Atlanta I called all my friends, I called my parents; I told everybody. Within another month I got some more tests that came back conclusively positive.

PP: Did you have any inclination, prior to that, that you might be positive?

Paul: Not really. It was always within the realm of possibility, but I didn't have any specific inklings this time that it was going to be positive. I hadn't been sick, I hadn't had what was called "seroconversion" - when people get sick when they're first infected. I remember getting that between my first and second tests. I remember getting really sick. So I really didn't suspect it. I was pretty blown away. I was an HIV test

counselor, and this woman gave me my results and I was a terrible client. I wouldn't talk to her, and she wanted to engage me, and finally I was like "look - I know all the tricks you're gonna try - I do the same job as you do. It's not going to work" and I just left.

PP: So, following that, did you get depressed about it?

Paul: Yeah, at first. At first it seemed unreal, total denial. And then when I did come out to some friends and family, everyone was incredibly supportive, very loving. People were very concerned about me. For a while I was surrounded by people who were paying a lot of attention to me. Also, it was getting really close to the time when my daughter was being born. My friend had wanted to get pregnant that spring and I helped her get pregnant. I had been tested at that point and I was negative. She had continually gotten tested while she was pregnant and she was still negative, although there was still some vague concern, but she was fine. So my whole life was basically turning upside down. I was within a month or so of becoming a father and then finding out I had HIV at the same time. It was pretty crazy. For awhile I did fine. It was just so unreal I couldn't figure out what it all meant. After awhile it all started

by Matt Wobensmith

to sink in and it was really hard. That whole spring after that was really hard. I got very depressed and started fighting with Kim, my daughter's mother, and we had never fought before. All this stuff just came about because basically I just didn't know which way was up. I was in emotional vertigo. My whole life was changed too quickly to even get a grip on it. Then things settled down. I was able to get my bearings about what I was going to do with my life, and what was going on. Accept it and deal with it, whatever.

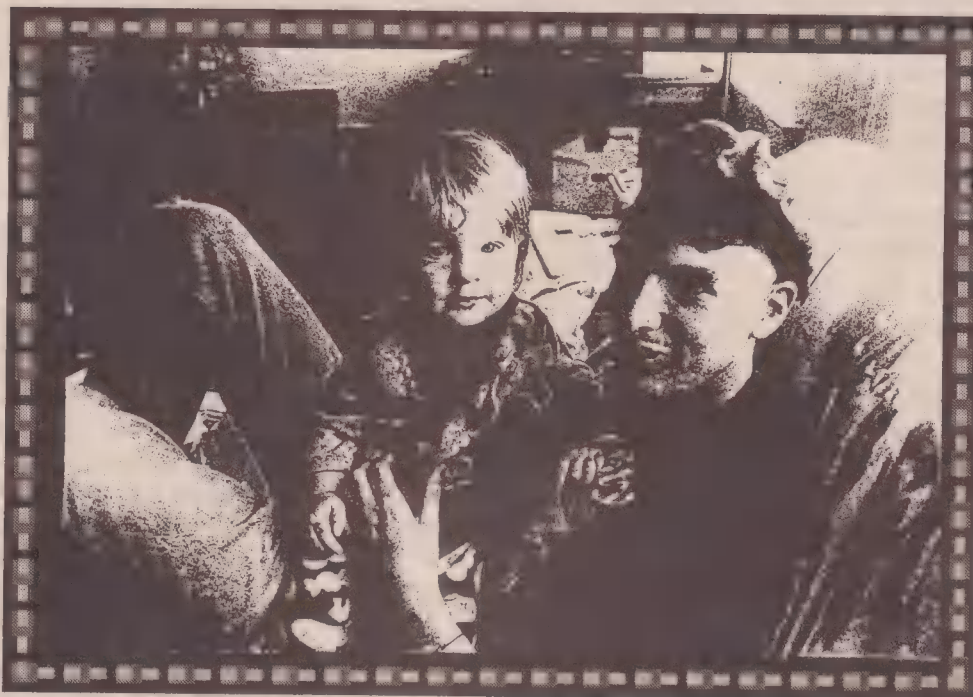
PP: So, how did your perception of life change at that point?

Paul: It sounds trite to say this, but it gave me a sense of purpose. It gave me a real clear context about how the rest of my life was gonna play out. It's forced me to deal with issues of mortality and sickness, and it's not like I haven't dealt

differently. It makes me much more present in the moment. Living for today and trying to make today work for me. It's not any better or worse, it's just different. It kind of feels like my middle age was ripped away from me. I had my youth, and I'm kind of in this period that's almost like old age. I'm on disability - I don't have to work anymore, so I'm basically retired. I'm having to deal with my health on a day-to-day basis. Most people who are twenty-seven don't have to do that. I take about sixty

below 200 you can become susceptible to "OI's", or opportunistic infections. My T-cells have gone under 200, but I haven't had any opportunistic infections. I've had some symptoms, but I haven't had PCP or thrush or anything like that. It's really important to keep weight on. One of the things that happens when someone gets sick is that they can lose a lot of weight really fast. It's very important for people with HIV to keep on as much weight as they can, to actually have more

weight on their body than they would naturally. It's sort of a buffer zone. I've been really skinny all my life. I've never been somebody who ate a lot of food, so having that Marinol, that prescription, helps me eat a lot. Other than that I've taken different medicines at different times, but mostly what I take is a lot of herbs and vitamins. The vitamins are because a lot of



with that stuff before. I have a lot of friends who have been sick, a lot of friends who have died, and a lot of friends who have been living with HIV for a long time. But it's a real different thing being on the other side of that imaginary line. Even though I had thought about it a lot, and been on one side of it - being on the other side was a really different thing. It's given me a totally different outlook. It's changed everything. It makes me look at everything differently. It makes me look at my relationships differently. It makes me look at my health

pills a day, between medicine and herbs and vitamins. I take handfuls and handfuls of medicine. I have to laugh sometimes - I'm here eating my breakfast in the morning and taking all these pills, just like my grandmother. Every time we'd go over to her house and have breakfast she'd have all these pills and vitamins every morning, and now I'm doing it and I'm 27 years old. It's just changed things.

PP: So, explain your AIDS diagnosis.

Paul: The average healthy adult has about a thousand T-cells. If they go

people with HIV have low levels of vitamins in their system. It supplements them, so you end up putting more in than if you weren't sick. Certain vitamins help your immune system, and certain vitamins help protect against certain kinds of infections. It's the same thing with herbs. I try to use vitamins and herbs rather than regular medicine, but I also use medicine when I need to. I have chronic sinus infections, which I've never had before, so I do take regular medicine, and it works. That's been my approach—to use both

traditional Western medicine and traditional non-Western forms of medicine. That's one of the good things about living here. There's no good place to have HIV obviously, but it's certainly the best place around to be HIV+ because all the resources that exist around the world are here. There's tons and tons of information available, tons of resources, tons of different perspectives that you can read and read and read and read. Through that ongoing process

I've settled on this pattern of taking herbs and vitamins.

PP: How do you pay for doctors and medicine?

Paul: It's just changed recently. Before last month I was what's called a "medically indigent adult", meaning that I didn't have any health insurance or money to pay for health insurance. What happens is the county, in my case Alameda county picks up the bill CMSP-County Medical Service Provider-whatever. Basically I had to go to Highland Hospital for my care, which I still go to, and I had to get all my medicine from the pharmacy there. I just got approved for Social Security Disability, and as part of that you get MediCal. So now I have health insurance. I continue to go to Highland because my doctor at Highland I like a lot. I knew her before I was her patient. I've known her for a while and we're pretty good friends. I can continue to go there, and I can also get my medicine at

Castro Village Pharmacy or any place that takes MediCal. Highland pharmacy is a nightmare. It takes two or three hours to get medicine. It was really hard to get on MediCal. It took me almost a year, from November of last year when I first applied for disability, and it just got approved in August. We're talking a good three quarters of a year I've struggled with bureaucracies to get this stuff through. I got my MediCal card, which gives me a lot more

best researchers, all of the best doctors are practicing here. The system here is much better than New York. The HIV population there is huge but the medical situation there is completely messed up, way behind San Francisco, and the Bay Area has the best of everything. This area has the highest concentration of clinical trials of any place in the world. That kind of stuff is available to anyone who wants to look.

PP: Clinical trials are experimental medicine?

Paul: They're experimental treatments. There's a lot of research here, especially at Stanford and UCSF. For new drugs to go on the market they have to go through this long process. Several steps in that process are human trials. There's a book that gets published four times a year that's a guide to clinical trials in the Bay



Area. It has all the clinical trials that are enrolling people and information on what the parameters for being in it are. Some studies pay you money and some studies don't. People can call or get their doctors to try to get them into studies. The book is like a hundred and twenty five pages, just chock full of clinical trials after clinical trials.

PP: You said before that you were an HIV educator, teaching people about HIV transmittal and safe sex.

Paul: I worked at The Berkeley Gay Men's Health Collective and I did a bunch of things there. A lot of them

options. So if I need to see an eye doctor if I'm having problems with my vision, I can see one without waiting three months to get an appointment. I can go to any place that takes MediCal, and there's tons of places that do. It's not as good as having private insurance, but it's better than having no insurance. That's basically how I pay. Everybody in the Bay Area who's hooked up to the system who has HIV gets really good care. Basically, street people in the Bay Area with HIV get better care than rich people in Texas. All of the

Paul: I worked at The Berkeley Gay Men's Health Collective and I did a bunch of things there. A lot of them

were focused on HIV prevention. We had a clinic and HIV testing every week. I also worked in their sexually transmitted disease clinic. As part of every appointment we talked about HIV. If someone's been at a risk to get gonorrhea they've been at risk to get HIV. We did a lot of HIV education. I've been through five or six HIV training programs.

PP: The reason I asked you that is because, you say you're 27, and I'm 23, and most of our friends are 20-something. As long as I've heard about sex education, I've always heard about safe sex, accurately or not. How do you explain, in the age of safe sex, the growing rate of HIV in young people?

Paul: We're the first generation of queers to grow up with AIDS. We never lived as out, sexual creatures before AIDS. I remember first hearing about it when I was very young. I was 13 years old in 1980. There's this epidemic that is very different than any that's existed before. There's been a ton of education that's been aimed at people. In some cases it's been really successful, and in other cases it hasn't been as successful. In the last few years they've had an alarming increase in the rate of infection among young gay and bisexual gay men. It's really scared a lot of people because there's been a lot of education aimed at us during our teenage years. It's a very complex issue. You can say to somebody, "use a condom every time you have sex" and that makes sense. It makes sense factually; it's a good thing to use condoms. I know how to use them and I'll use them all the time. What happens in the real world is that people don't always do what's best for them or for their partners,

and a lot of that has a lot to do with internalized homophobia, low self-esteem, denial. There's a lot of people our age who look at AIDS as a disease of older, middle aged gay men. Or there's the whole "he looks healthy - don't worry about it". A lot of kids come here and hustle, and you can make more money if you have unsafe sex. I know a bunch of people who've gotten HIV that way. It's just a complex thing. What it means to me is that prevention

world to be a young queer person. With all the pressures, it's not like HIV is the only thing young queers have to deal with. Homophobia, violence in the family, and their schools and their friends. It just gets overwhelming for people. Sex can be an escape, and people take risks. People who are young often feel invulnerable to anything. There is this definite feeling among a lot of young people, of being immortal. Well, you know, that's someone

else's disease, it's not going to happen to me, or I'm not even going to think about it. There's also the issue of "survivor guilt". People see a lot of their friends getting sick, and they're not, and they may subconsciously play out this kind of guilt thing and get themselves sick. I don't have a simple answer. What the AIDS establishment seems to be learning is that for AIDS education to work it needs to be peer-based. It's got to come out of the community that it's aimed at. For punks, the best kind of education is going to come from other punks. I think that works across the board. With infectious diseases, there's

"It's not surprising, when you've got a large part of your culture telling you you're sick just because you're a homo. It's not much of a leap for people to actually get themselves sick."

efforts need to be a constantly changing, constantly re-evaluated process. You can't come up with a magic bullet or a poster that will reach everybody, every time. It's all so confusing. People get all these different messages. There are people in schools who are unwilling to talk about AIDS, unwilling to talk about homosexuality. There are people saying use condoms every time, and people saying oral sex is safe or isn't safe. It's really confusing. Even as an educator it's difficult, being fed different messages, like this is a fact, and this is a fact. It's a really troubling world to live in. It's a hard

never going to be a cap on it. You're never going to eliminate it. People are going to continue to get infected. All you can do is to try to minimize that. As long as you have Congress passing laws saying that talking about homosexuality in schools is illegal, you're not going to be able to do effective education.

PP: I don't know a lot of young people who are HIV+, and that might have something to do with the people I hang out with, and the social class that I'm in. The people who I do see getting HIV come from all different backgrounds, from all different

situations. Sometimes I see people who seroconvert who don't care enough about themselves, or are in situations where they just don't know how to do so. It's sad, and there is a lot of internalized homophobia.

Paul: It's not surprising, when you've got a large part of your culture telling you you're sick just because you're a homo. It's not much of a leap for people to actually get themselves sick. You're not going to stop the spread of HIV in the queer community until homosexuality is destigmatized. If queer sexuality was accepted, it would be a huge jump in preventing HIV and AIDS.

PP: Do you know any other punks with HIV or AIDS, in the scene?

Paul: No, I don't. I know a lot of people who have it who are marginally in the scene, but no one actually. It's a pretty isolating experience. The last two shows our band played, I came out on stage, in Among The Thugs. People just stared back at me with blank faces. The reason I did that, in spite of the fact that it was somewhat risky, is that this epidemic is well into its second decade. Punk has been around for the whole decade, and has addressed the issue of AIDS very little, including the queer punk community. Off the top of my head, I can only think of a couple songs that have been written about AIDS. That's very frustrating. It's totally isolating for me. In that sense, I don't have a community. I don't know a community of punks with AIDS. I think that I'm not the only one out there.

PP: You're not. I know you're not.

Paul: But we're not very visible. I decided it was very important to come out on stage. Just to say straight up "look, this is a song about AIDS. I have AIDS". Now that

Among The Thugs broke up, our new band will be much more focused on queer issues in general, and AIDS specifically. Two of us are queer in the band, me and Owen Peery, and we're going to be 2/3rds of the lyrics and vocals. We had songs in Among The Thugs that were related to queer issues, but now there will be much more of a focus. I'm very excited about that. It needs to exist, and it hasn't existed enough yet. Even in the HIV related songs that do exist,

"Look, this is what's going on. I'm not ashamed of it, it's just part of me. It's an issue in my life, something that I'm singing about and something that my band talks about. It's something that exists in the world. It's going to exist for the rest of your lives and you're gonna have to deal with it."

that song "The Cure" by Fugazi, from their first record - there's never been a first person song about AIDS in the punk scene. I've never seen a punk song written about the fact that they have AIDS. I think that would be a unique thing.

PP: Do you know about safe sex and do you practice it?

Paul: Absolutely. As often as I possibly can. I have a button on my jacket that says "I'm a Safe Sex Slut". I got that button at the Anarchist Gathering in Toronto in 1988. I've had that button for six years. For some reason, it sticks with me.

PP: Whore.

Paul: I try. To some people, I'm the devil. I'm a non-monogamous HIV+ bisexual. To a lot of people, I'm the person who brings AIDS into the straight community, not that I've slept with a straight person in this decade. I'm promiscuous, I'm a public health concern - and that's bullshit. I am incredibly safe, and very, very responsible. I tell all my partners before I have sex with them. It's hard to do. There's all this fear of rejection and stuff like that, but it's something

I do, and something that I'm really out about. I try to be out in all aspects of my life. I try to get all of that out of the way just to head that off. If we get together, they'll know before they decide even if they're interested in me or not. There is a lot of sex that is completely safe, and I'm pretty open to lots of different things. If I'm having sex with someone, we just negotiate what feels comfortable for both of us. I have a good sex life that way. I feel completely comfortable with it. I'm not spreading AIDS. My baby doesn't have it. Her mom doesn't have it. Sometimes I feel like I should walk

around with little horns on my head.

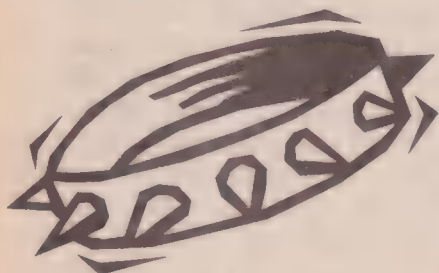
PP: What kind of responses have you gotten from telling people you have AIDS?

Paul: I was wondering what people's responses would be, especially when we played at Gilman. I came out on stage as HIV+ and people just stared blankly at me. They didn't know what to say. The next thing that happened was that Owen came out as being queer and got a round of applause - and that was good that people responded really well to him saying that. But it was interesting that people were so thrown off by my having AIDS.

PP: People assume it's a death sentence, like you're telling them that you're about to die. That's nothing to applaud at. That's what they assume.

Paul: I don't necessarily think that people should have applauded. I don't know exactly what I expected people to do, but AIDS isn't a death sentence. It can be. It's definitely a deadly disease. Some people live for a long time, and some people die very quickly. The point is about people coming out, being open about it and trying to de-stigmatize it, and to talk about it openly. The HIV closet kills people just as much as the homo closet does. Coming out on stage is not for people to say "oh, you have AIDS - that's great". I want people to see somebody up on stage saying, "look, this is what's going on. I'm not ashamed of it, it's just part of me. It's an issue in my life, something that I'm singing about and something that my band talks about. It's something that exists in the world. It's going to exist for the rest of your lives and you're gonna have to deal with it. I'm talking about it, so just think about it or whatever."

This interview was conducted on Wed. September 20, 1994, in the Epicenter library in San Francisco. Paul is now in a new band with Owen Peery called WATERSHED. You can write to them at: 477 41st St., Apt. D, Oakland, CA 94609.



Glossary

HIV - "human immunodeficiency virus" - the virus that is said to cause AIDS.

AIDS - medical condition that destroys the immune system, leaving the person susceptible to many diseases.

PWA - a person with AIDS.

AZT - one of the only available medicines approved in the US to treat HIV/AIDS. It is considered by some to be toxic.

Marinol - synthetic THC, the main ingredient in marijuana. Prescribed medically to ease pain and induce hunger.

OI's - opportunistic infections that are brought on by a damaged immune system.

thrush - oral candidiasis, an uncomfortable condition affecting the mouth and tongue.

pneumocystis - a type of pneumonia that is a common cause of death among PWA's.

T cells - also called CD4 cells - help the bodies

immune system. HIV attacks these. A normal, healthy adult has around a thousand of these.

HIV antibody test - the test that most people take - determines if the person has been exposed to the HIV virus and if their body is producing an antibody. Hence, positive and negative.

seroconversion - a short sickness that can occur when someone's body is producing antibodies to the HIV virus

window period - the time it takes after someone has been exposed to HIV to develop the antibody, and therefore, be HIV+. It takes your body anywhere from two weeks to six months to do this. Therefore, someone can get HIV and take up to six months to show a positive test result.

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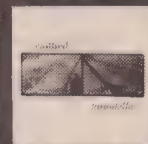
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GREENE

by Leah Ryan

"She's back," said Pam. She put up the order for eggs over easy, wheat toast, side of bacon. Marty ripped down the ticket beside it and practically threw an order of pancakes at her. "Alright," he said. "Send her in."

Pam's chin dropped. "You're not going to hire her, are you?" Eggs hissed on the grill. Marty pushed the toast down. "That's none of your goddamn business," he said. For years, she'd dreamed of walking out at moments like this, rolling her apron up and throwing it. She had it all planned out. "Deliver that order while it's hot, will you?" Marty said.

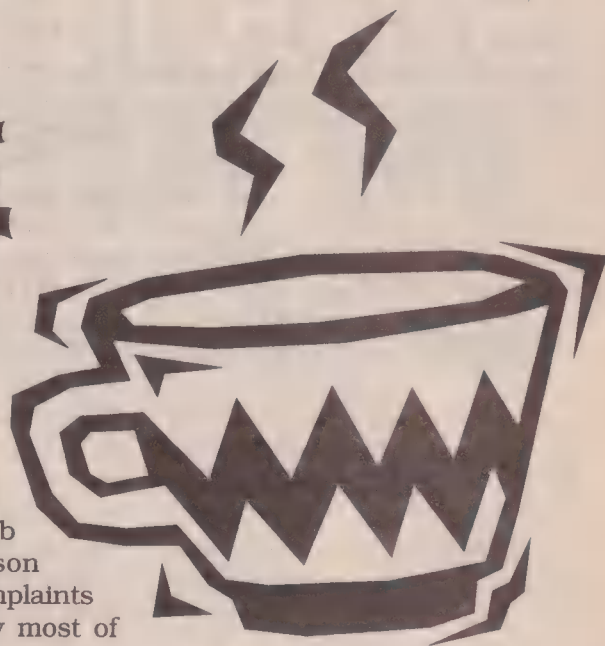
Pam shook her head, grabbed the coffee pot off the burner and headed for the corner booth. She wasn't happy at all about what she saw coming. Every now and then Marty did this kind of thing. One time he hired a bum to wash dishes. Not just a bum-type person, like a guy who maybe was out of work for a while or who was between apartments. A real bum that came in from the city somewhere. The guy stank for one thing, and he smoked foul-smelling hand-rolled cigarettes constantly. He would come out behind the counter with a cigarette hanging out his mouth. For one thing, there was a health department problem with this. You never knew when the health inspector was going to stroll in. Second of all, the customers didn't like it. Even without the cigarette (after Pam had convinced him to leave his cigarette in the back kitchen when he came out to bus

the counter) customers didn't like the looks of the guy. He was visibly dirty and he looked crazy, like any minute he might grab a knife and stab somebody. And the person who had to listen to the complaints and worry about this guy most of the time was Pam.

That was the problem. Marty hired these people but then he didn't have to work with them. He was only cooking breakfast this week because Ernie, the regular breakfast cook, was on vacation. Usually, he came and went. Pam worked five, six, seven days a week. It was mostly seven lately because Becky, the other day waitress, had got pregnant, and needed lots of time off. Eventually, she wouldn't be able to work at all. Marty hadn't gotten it together to take out an ad or anything.

But in any case, the point was, it wasn't Marty who had to pay the price. Another time he hired a short-order guy who didn't speak English. He just left him with Ernie, and Ernie was supposed to train him. He couldn't read the tickets or understand anything that was said. Pam felt bad for the guy. But Ernie couldn't be expected to train him and teach him English at the same time, especially when English is the only language Ernie knows. Pam was pretty sure he was an illegal alien. For one thing, he spoke Spanish and he went by the name of Vladimir.

The good thing was that these guys usually left of their own accord



before too long. The bum guy just didn't show up one day after he'd worked there for three weeks. Nobody ever saw him again. Vladimir figured out that it wasn't working out and quit. Pam saw him about a month later working on a painting crew. When she told Ernie, Ernie said he was probably making twice as much money painting anyway.

This girl had been coming in twice a week for three weeks looking for a job. First it was before Becky was pregnant, or before she knew she was pregnant, anyway. So Pam just told her that they weren't hiring. Which was true. She kept coming back anyway. Then it turned out that they did need to hire somebody. But Pam didn't like the looks of the girl so she just gave her an application to fill out. When the girl began to sit down at the counter to fill it out, Pam said, "Why don't you just bring it back later?" and turned her back.

She was surprised when the girl came back in an hour. This time Marty was there. He asked Pam for the girl's completed application. "She's got experience," he told Pam, reading it. "Yeah," Pam said. "I'll bet."

Marty also told her the girl was

from Greene, which made sense. Greene was a college town; it was full of rich kids that went there to go to college and then dropped out to become drug addicts. She and Ernie always said they could save their tuition money and just go for the drug addict career right off the bat. Sometimes crowds of them would come in from Greene, which was about forty-five minutes away.

This girl certainly looked like a Greene type. She had about twenty-five earrings in each ear and her hair was dyed flat black. She was wearing beat-up old sneakers with no socks. She was overweight and she wore glasses. They were funny looking glasses, like the ones men wore in the fifties. One thing she had to say was that it didn't look like this girl had spent a lot of money trying to look a wreck. Some of them actually did that. But all the same, she looked like the type that didn't have a clue what work was; the type that would bring two booths full of her weirdo friends in every day to drink coffee, and they'd sit there all afternoon. She might even be the stealing type.

"Go on back and talk to the owner," Pam told the girl with a sweep of her arm indicating the swinging kitchen doors. She shot Marty a warning glance after the girl was out of sight. Marty ignored her, flipped an order of French toast and began scraping the grill. Pam grabbed the coffee pot again, her mood darkening beyond retrieval.

The bell on the door chimed. Jerry walked in and took a seat at the counter. As she was pouring Germ's coffee and setting up his place with paper placemat, napkin and silver, she mumbled something under her breath about how there must be a shit storm passing over.

"What?" said Jerry.

"Nothing," Pam said sweetly.

"How are you Jerry?"

"Oh, I'm surviving," he sighed.

"Do you know what you'd like,

or..." Pam clicked her ball-point pen.

"Well," Jerry took a long breath; too long for Pam. "I really don't know just yet."

"Okay, take your time," Pam said and turned away. It was like this almost every day. Jerry always came in and got the same thing. But he always had the desire, or the intention, to bust out and try something new and different. Invariably, he studied the menu as if he were going to be tested on it. Sometimes he'd ask a question, like did the pancakes come with real syrup? And could he substitute an English muffin for the toast without being charged extra? He would ponder the answers to the questions carefully, and then he would lay the menu carefully down and say, "I'll have two scrambled eggs, white toast, a small OJ and a side of homefries, please," as if it were the very first time.

Jerry had been married once; he had come in for breakfast with his wife, too, though not as frequently, and they had always seated themselves at in a booth, not at the counter, where Jerry always sat now that he was alone. His wife had taken up with some other guy and Jerry pined after her. She had dumped the guy since then, but had made it clear to Jerry that she still wasn't interested. Jerry acted like she was only good thing that had ever happened to him. He was sure he'd be happy if she'd only take him back. But Pam remembered back when they'd come in together for breakfast and sit in a booth. Jerry was miserable then, too, and he even ate the same thing for breakfast. Pam didn't know what was wrong with him. But whenever he walked in with that miserable look, she felt the energy drain out of her immediately.

"What kinds of toast do you have again?" Jerry asked today.

"White, Wheat, Rye, Pumpernickel, Raisin, English muffin," she told him.

"I'll have two scrambled eggs, white toast, a small OJ and a side of homefries, please," said Jerry.

Pam rang the bell and put the order into the kitchen window. She saw that the girl was still back there talking to Marty. Marty looked at the slip and reached for the cooler door. He looked past the slip and saw that Pam was still standing there.

"Can I help you," he asked her, snide. Pleasant today, she thought.

"No," said Pam, shrugging. She poured Jerry's orange juice. She heard the eggs hiss on the grill.

"Did you hear they're re-opening the old Drive In movie theater?" Jerry asked when she brought his juice.

"Oh really?" said Pam. Oh, God, she thought. Is he going to ask me out?

"Yes," He said. "It's under new management."

How fascinating, thought Pam. Where is this going, exactly? Just then the girl emerged from the kitchen. This would be the moment of truth.

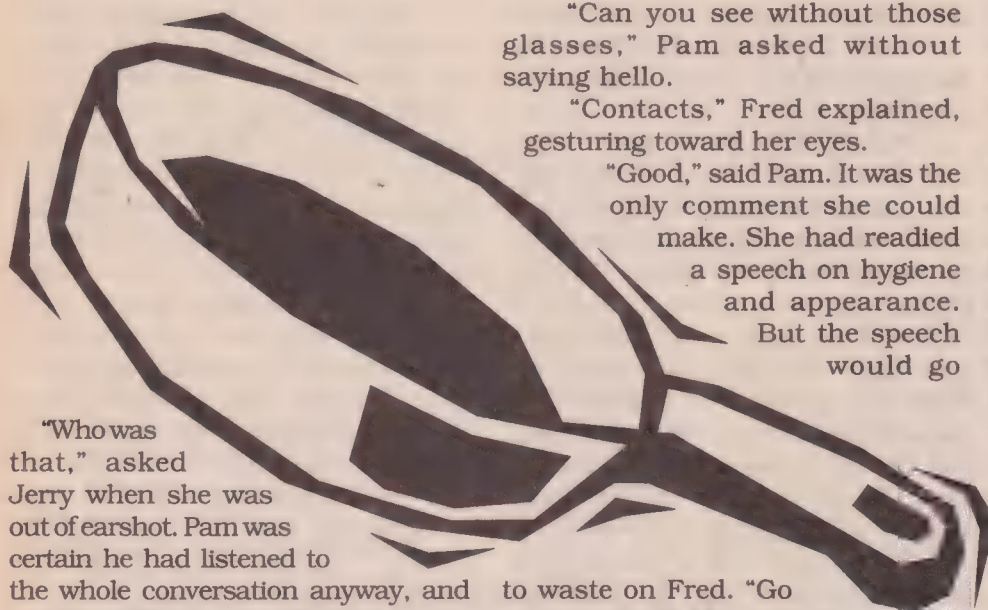
"My name is Fred," the girl said, moving behind the counter. "I guess I'm going to start work here tomorrow."

"Fred," Pam repeated. That figures, she thought.

"Marty said to introduce myself since you're going to be training me," the girl went on. The bell rang. Jerry's breakfast. Pam turned and picked it up, shooting Marty an icy look as she did so. She placed the plate in front of Jerry, and tried to read his response. He looked grateful. More grateful than usual? It was hard to say. The girl was still standing there.

"Wear a white blouse and a dark skirt," Pam told her. "Did he give you that speech?" The girl nodded. Pam wondered if she should tell her to shave. She decided against it.

"See you in the morning," the girl said and turned to leave.



"Who was that," asked Jerry when she was out of earshot. Pam was certain he had listened to the whole conversation anyway, and wondered if he were just trying to make small talk.

"New waitress," she said shortly.

"So the Drive-in," Jerry said, "is going to have all new releases."

"Uh huh," said Pam, and refilled his coffee.

"I was just wondering," Jerry began.

"Yes," said Pam. She began totaling his check.

"Are coffee refills still free here?"

"Only if you eat," said Pam, and tore his check off the pad in one clean stroke.

Next morning, Fred tapped on the window at 5:45, fifteen minutes early. Pam, who had arrived at 5:30, turned the lock and let her in.

Fred looked far more respectable than Pam could have imagined the day before. She'd combed her hair back out of her face. She'd lost the Clark Kent look, and Pam even thought she might have ironed her blouse. Pam herself rarely ironed—she was too impatient. She usually just hung things in a hot shower and steamed the wrinkles out. Fred had removed her earrings. Pam could picture her taking them out carefully, one by one, in front of a bathroom mirror, and lining them all up someplace safe.

"Can you see without those glasses," Pam asked without saying hello.

"Contacts," Fred explained, gesturing toward her eyes.

"Good," said Pam. It was the only comment she could make. She had readied a speech on hygiene and appearance.

But the speech would go

to waste on Fred. "Go easy on her," Marty had said, and Pam had been annoyed. But now Pam admitted to herself silently that she was slightly disappointed at having lost the opportunity to lecture Fred.

"First thing you do when you get here is start coffee," Pam told Fred. But when she turned around, she saw that Fred had already taken two clean pots from the dishdrainer and begun filling them with water. Fred grinned shyly as she turned the faucet off and handed the full pots to Pam, who did not smile back. "What kind of places have you worked at?" Pam asked.

"I managed a Chicken Shack," said Fred, a little breathless. "I worked the graveyard shift in an all-night diner for three years." She began filling two more pots. Pam had set up the filter baskets the night before. She began pouring in water and flipping switches.

"Was that in Greene?" Pam asked.

"Yeah," said Fred without apology, and handed her the full pots. Pam heard Marty coming in the kitchen door. Last minute, of course. He'd have no time to do his prep work before the first rush, which would mean he'd get behind and be a bastard all morning.

"Morning ladies," Marty called

through the order window. Pam cringed. She turned on the local talk radio program. She hated listening to it every day. But the customers liked it, and Marty insisted that they play it. She put Fred to filling the cream and syrup dispensers, and went to open the door. The smell of bacon filled the small restaurant. She heard Marty beating his eggs. There was no one waiting. Maybe he won't get behind after all, Pam thought hopefully.

"I'm not going to give you any tables today," she told Fred when she returned to the counter. "You can shadow me and then maybe later you can work the counter or something."

"Fine," said Fred agreeably.

Jerry walked in, their first customer. He was unusually early.

"Good Morning, Jerry," Pam said. She gave him his placemat and silver, and the menu. Typically, he began to study the menu as if he had never seen it before.

"He's going to order scrambled eggs, white toast, a small OJ and a side of homefries," Pam whispered to Fred. Fred smiled.

"Jerry, this is Fred," said Pam. "She'll be working a few mornings a week."

"Pleased to meet you," Jerry said earnestly.

"Fred is from Greene," said Pam.

"Uh huh," Jerry said.

"She managed a Chicken Shack there," Pam went on.

"I'm finished with these," said Fred, indicating the cream and syrup dispensers.

"Were you in school there," Jerry asked Fred.

"No," Fred answered. "I was born there."

"Really?" Pam asked. She was genuinely surprised.

"Some people are, you know," Fred pointed out.

"Is Fred short for something?" Pam asked. She picked up the tray of cream dispensers.

"Yes," said Fred. "Ralph."
Jerry and Pam exchanged a quick look.

"That was a joke," Fred said. "You can laugh if you want." She shrugged. Jerry closed his menu.

"Winifred," Fred said finally.

"You're not a Winnie," Pam offered.

"Right," said Fred.

"Ready to order, Jerry?" Pam got her order pad ready and winked at Fred.

"Yes, I'll have an order of scrambled eggs, white toast..."

"Small OJ?"

"Make it large," said Jerry.

"How's the bacon today?"

"Fine," Pam said. "It's good."

"Okay, gimme a side of bacon then."

"Really?" Pam said. "No homefries?"

"Naw," Jerry said, and flipped his menu closed. Pam raised her eyebrows and turned to Marty.

"I've got it all ready," said Marty, holding up a plate. He started to turn away. Pam tapped his shoulder and handed him Jerry's ticket.

"Eat it yourself," she said. "He changed his tune today, for some unknown reason." Fred had found the orange juice and poured a large by the time Pam turned back around. "Why don't you warm up his coffee, too," she suggested, not unkindly. She had three tables waiting. So much for knowing everything, she thought, and braced herself for the first morning rush.

At eleven, Richard the mailman came in for lunch. Though lunch did not officially begin until eleven-thirty, they made special arrangements for Richard, who came in almost every day. Today, he'd brought a postcard from Ernie.

Ernie was on a fishing trip. He was staying at a fishing lodge in the woods. Pam had assumed that it was very remote, but obviously he'd had no trouble sending a postcard. It had a picture of a tranquil lake scene,

and there was a large trout superimposed on top, with the words "Blue Lake Lodge" written across it.

"Dear Pam, Marty, Becky, and all," Ernie wrote, "Weather is here, wish you were beautiful. Ha ha. Having a great time. Been here 5 whole minutes. Don't go changing everything while I'm gone. See you Monday. Regards, Ernie." Pam stuck the postcard up on the milk machine.

Pam sent Fred out on break just as the lunch crowd was starting to pour in. Becky showed up and started taking tables right away.

"How's what's her name doing," Marty asked. "Frank or whatever."

"Fred," Pam said.

"What's that short for," he asked.

"Ralph," said Pam. She laughed. It was funny. Marty gave her a steady look.

"Oh lighten up," She told him.

"Well, how's she doing?" he asked again.

"Fine," Pam told him. "So far, so good."

Through the window, she saw Fred out in the parking lot smoking a cigarette. In the sunlight, Fred didn't look so young. She was maybe 30, Pam thought. Not that it should matter. But somehow it did. Pam was ready for a smoke break herself. "I'm off," she told Becky.

Outside, Fred was leaned up against Pam's car. She couldn't have known it was

hers, though, Pam thought.

"Nice car," said Fred, and closed her eyes, turning her face to the sun. "It's yours, right?"

"Yeah," said Pam. She pulled her sunglasses and her

cigarettes out of her apron pocket.

"So how'm I doing?" Fred asked.

"Hard to tell at this point," said Pam, and lit a cigarette.

"I know," Fred said. "I was sort of kidding."

"Why'd you leave Greene?" asked Pam.

"Sick of it," Fred answered.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Too long," Pam said. "Four years."

"That is too long," Fred said. "You remember a guy named Vladimir?"

"Yeah," said Pam. "He worked here for about a month."

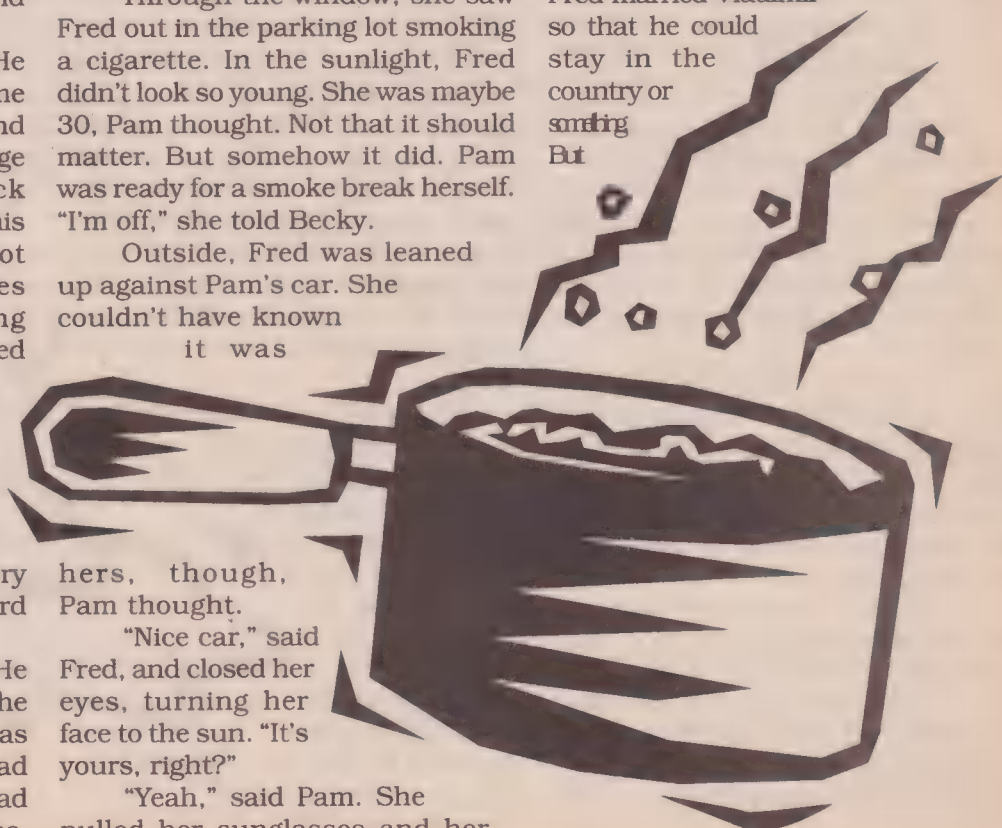
"He said it was pretty horrible, but that you and the cook were nice to him."

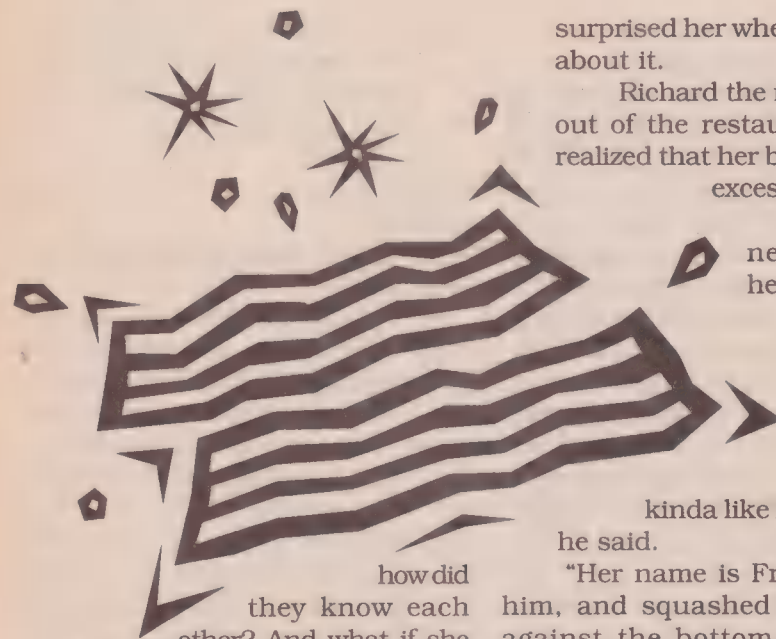
"He a friend of yours?" Pam asked.

"I'm married to him," said Fred, and she crushed her cigarette. "It's not what you think," she continued, and smiled, smoothing her skirt. "Should I see if she needs help inside?"

"Sure," Pam said, calmly. "I'll be there in a minute."

Pam figured that maybe Fred married Vladimir so that he could stay in the country or smoking But





how did they know each other? And what if she ever wanted to marry someone else? Maybe she could divorce him after a few years or something.

The day she had seen him working on the painting crew, he was on his lunch break and Pam was walking by the house he was painting. It was her day off. She was on her way to the bank. When she'd seen Vladimir, she'd stopped to say hello. He didn't seem to recognize her at first, without her uniform. But he'd stood up and looked happy to see her. She felt bad—she knew she'd been short with him at times. It had been hard on everybody. A full restaurant doesn't forgive or understand. It just keep hitting you harder and harder until it gets its fill.

"I'm sorry things didn't work out," she'd said to Vladimir. "It was just an impossible situation. It wasn't your fault." For a moment she wasn't sure if he'd understood her. He was shy on top of being foreign, so sometimes it took him a little while to react. His reaction certainly had surprised her. He'd leaned over, kissed her cheek and said, "thank you." "For what," she'd asked, but he waved at her. She'd realized immediately that he was waving goodbye and she'd taken a step back, then walked away. It still

surprised her when she thought about it.

Richard the mailman came out of the restaurant and she realized that her break had been excessively long.

"Who's the new waitress?" he asked.

"Did she wait on you?" Pam asked in reply.

"She looks kinda like Natalie Wood," he said.

"Her name is Fred," Pam told him, and squashed her cigarette against the bottom of her shoe. "She's married."

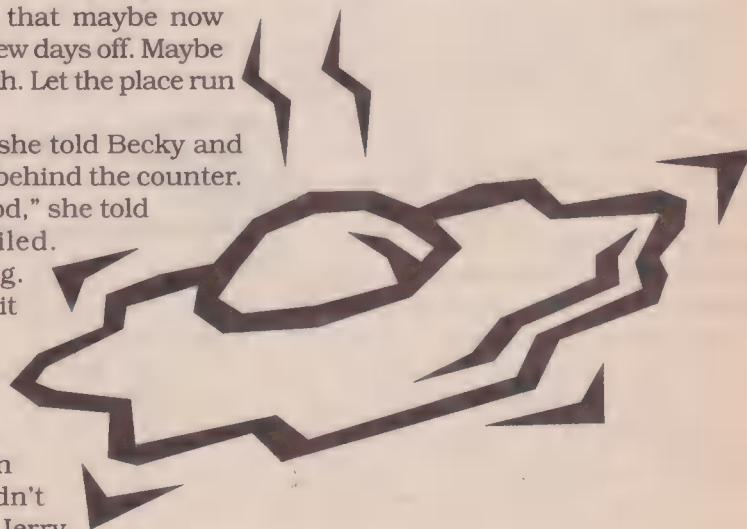
"See you tomorrow," the mailman said, apparently ignoring this information.

Pam pulled the door open and entered. Fred was waiting on a single woman at the counter. They seemed to be sharing a joke. Maybe it was the joke about her name. Fred, Ralph. She watched Fred turn and hand Marty the ticket through the window. She does look kind of like Natalie Wood, Pam thought. Becky squeezed past Fred with a full tray of dirty dishes and Fred, though she had her back turned, moved expertly aside. Pam considered that maybe now she could take a few days off. Maybe she and Ernie both. Let the place run itself.

"I'm back," she told Becky and Fred, squeezing behind the counter. "You're doing good," she told Fred. Fred smiled. The phone rang. Pam wondered if it was Vladimir.

It was Ernie. It was raining, he was sick of fishing in the rain. He hadn't caught much. "Jerry had bacon today,"

Pam told Ernie. Marty asked Pam who was on the phone, yelled at her for being on too long. "None of your goddamn business," Pam said, and found herself looking at the other two women. Becky avoided her eyes, but Fred looked right at her, smiled, and shrugged. "I have to go," Pam told Ernie. She thought about his hands, shiny where they'd been burned over and over, but his nails always perfectly trimmed. His cook's hands, holding the phone. She thought about holding his hand. Then she thought about Fred kissing Vladimir. "It isn't what I think," she said to herself. She'd thought she'd just said it inside her head, but Ernie said, "What?" "Just hurry back," she told him, and hung up. It was starting to rain outside. A lone man in a booth raised his coffee cup and looked at her. Against the window, it looked like he was filling his cup with rain. She wanted to grab a coffee pot, but it didn't happen. She stared at the man and his cup. Fred moved past her and toward him with a pot of coffee. "I'll get that," she said. Pam looked down. Her apron was crumpled in her hand. How did that happen, she wondered, and wondered a minute more before she tied it back on.



fireflies

She often felt like she was choking. The darkness of the room and the stale air that hung around her house (that reminded her too much of her grandmother's perfume) made Lila feel stifled. It was the atmosphere of her attic room, with its dark panels, sometimes drippy when it rained too much. It was the feeling of ignorance and heavy-laden sighs. It was the silence between the three people in the house. It was the brand-new TV and unused stereo that annoyed her. She felt like she had to get out of the house, but that was hard to do because of her mother. She was so starved for attention and affection that she never let Lila leave without an interrogation first. *Where are you going, Lila? Why? Why don't you sit down and tell me what's going on in your life? Want some tea? Don't you like this kind anymore? Want to watch some stories with me? You know, Lance is going to jail for murdering Heidi's husband Phil! Oh... OK. Well alright, go ahead then. Kiss your mom good-bye. Be careful, you've got to watch yourself at this hour! You never know. Where are you going again? Call me when you get there. Are you going to eat dinner there? Well, it's just that I've prepared your father's favorite... oh... OK. I just thought we could eat together like a family for once. Oh well, have fun.*

Typical scenes like that would send Lila screaming. She wanted to pull her inky hair out by its roots. That's why she liked to go to the tunnels so much. The big, hollow tubes comforted her. They were cool

inside, and the light made neat shadows. Sometimes she would go there with some friends to take pictures. The tunnels could be very loud or very quiet; they would accommodate you. When she was really upset she would scream like Patti Smith, so that her shrill voice would echo and scare the little kids in the park nearby. Sometimes, for whatever inane reason, she could not get away. These were the worst times. She had to sit in her attic room upstairs, where she could hear the downstairs clock. The precise, endless ticking... it clicked out every second, and each time seemed to pull the house tighter, warping its wood insides. It was so unnerving that Lila would pull at her hair until she turned her walkman up as high as it would go. *Sometimes it lights me up but I would never let you know it/ Sometimes it crawls around and makes me laugh when I am down.*

Then there was the sound of her mother turning the slick pages of her *House Beautiful*, or maybe the sound of the TV with her mother's stories. On rare occasions, Lila could

hear the rustle of her father's newspaper, or the reply of "no" when asked if he wanted something to drink. At times like these, the perfume smell got worse, and Lila had to bit the insides of her cheeks because she could not say anything. *But I know what would happen if I ever let go of it/ I think this cruel world shun it.*

It was this kind of (lack) of noise that could drive a person crazy. So Lila would tiptoe through a small door in the corner of her room. She would unearth the poems and stories from when she was little. They made her smile. Or Lila would turn on her dad's old close-and-play and play her new 45's. Once, she put one on, and in one of her mother's old dresses, she thrashed around the room. *I've got a bug inside it tickles like a butterfly/ And you will never know how it feels to light up the sky/ And you will never know how it feels to be a firefly.* She felt like a firefly at that moment: alive, with the pink lace scratching her skin and the music ringing in her head. Until her mother called upstairs and wanted to know what she was doing and if she could

please stop because her father had a headache and she was trying to take a nap. Lila felt like she was a firefly trapped in a jar for some kid's amusement.

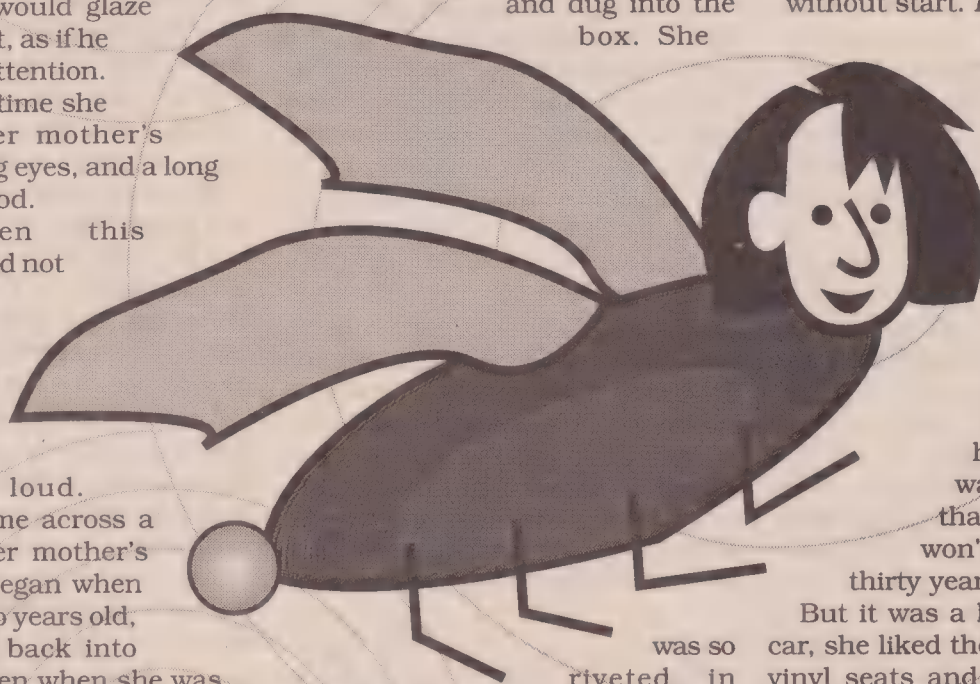
She could never sing along to her songs or actually turn on the stereo. Her music was not looked fondly by her father. If she tried to discuss it, the conversation would revert back to

by Elena Whitesell

the standard generation gap-your-music-will-never-be-as-good-as-mine-you-kids-listen-to-garbage schpiel. So she would not broach that subject with him. Anything concerning school, TV, art, books, politics, or how the house smelled like a crusty funeral home was not spoken of. It was only on an occasional Friday or Saturday nights that Lila did talk to him. She would ask him for the car keys, and he would ask her many questions (though not as many as her mother). His eyes would peer above the top of his Wall Street Journal, and often frowned with disapproval when she told him what she was planning to do. Or they would glaze over seem distant, as if he weren't paying attention. But most of the time she had to face her mother's skittish, pleading eyes, and a long questioning period.

Once, when this questioning would not let her drive into the city, Lila was set on sulking and playing her little vinyl records really loud. Instead, she came across a whole box of her mother's pictures. They began when her mom was two years old, her hair pulled back into two buns, then when she was older, with it pulled back in a headband, and at about twenty when it was stick straight and down to her butt. To Lila, the funniest part was that she was wearing a hippie crochet top and a pair of blue jeans. She had her arms around a short blonde girl, and a taller guy with beard and wire-rimmed glasses. And she was smiling. In the background, Lila could see the mall in Washington DC. Some sort of protest was going on. Lila was impressed; her mother actually cared about a

cause other than preparing chicken so you could reduce your fat intake. In the pictures, she didn't care that he clothes weren't from Bloomingdales, or that her favorite Clinique lipstick shade, SuperNectar, was missing. Most importantly, who was the guy? She had thought her parents had dated exclusively in college. She had heard one to many monogamy speeches to let that one slip. This was definitely a side of her mother that was missing or no longer existed. She looked at ease, but also serious, as if she had an actual personality rather than just a role to play. Lila put aside the picture and dug into the box. She



was so riveted in trying to find out more that she didn't notice that her dad had come up into the doorway, and was crouching down and looking at Lila.

"Lila, what are you doing?" She jumped. His eyes were glowing. They glanced at the picture, and when they looked away, they seemed sad.

"Can you put those pictures away? I need you to help me start the car. I've got to get back down to the office. Was it working OK the last time you drove it? You didn't get in an accident and not tell me, did you?"

"It was fine last time I drove it, hold on so I can put some shoes on."

Lila stared at him as he walked out. She heard her mother's high voice. "Oh, OK"; and her father's voice that started to rise when he talked. Outside, she was cold in her T-shirt, but she liked the numbing feeling. The cold smelled a lot better than inside her house, though it made her nose run. While her dad was stationed under the hood, she kept trying the car until he cursed and walked back into the house. She rolled down the windows and lay back as far as she could, looking through a small part of the window. The sky was a dark navy blue without start. *I've got a bug that's*

mine/ it crawls around my insides/ And when I don't feel right it hurts me like a parasite. Lila contemplated how she could tell her mom to turn off that damn pot-pourri crockpot, because it made her sick. And she wanted to tell her dad that of course the car won't start, it was like

thirty years old.

But it was a lot nicer inside the car, she liked the feel of the peeling vinyl seats and the slightly rusty door handles. Inside the house it was immaculate, with reupholstered furniture and new, white rugs you couldn't walk on because you would get them dirty with your footprints. It was nicer to be a firefly circling outside, where you could see the yellow light of your mother's living room without being there.

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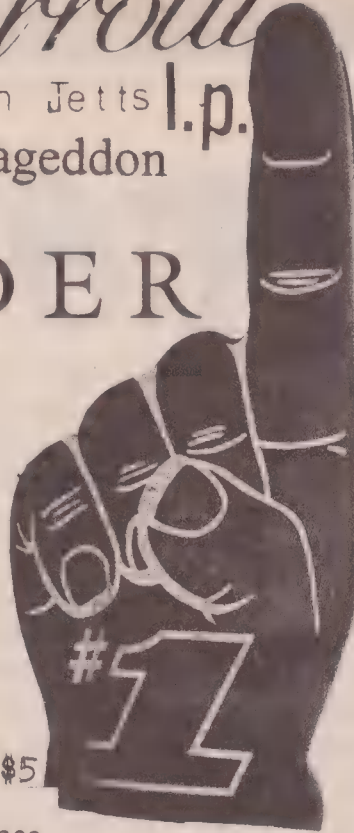
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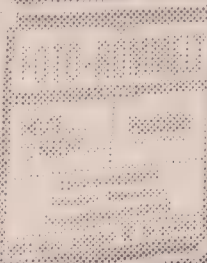


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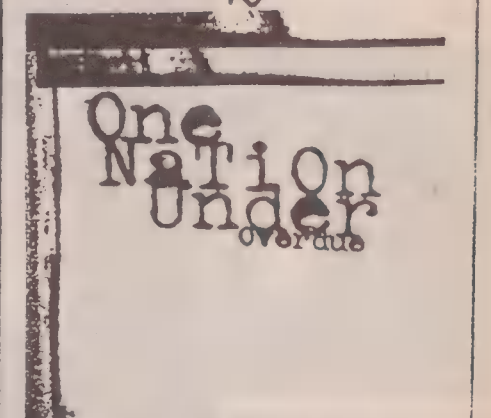


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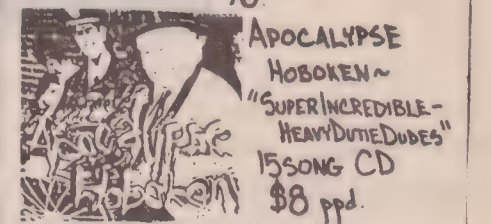
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trouble at the **ABC No Rio**

by Jim Testa

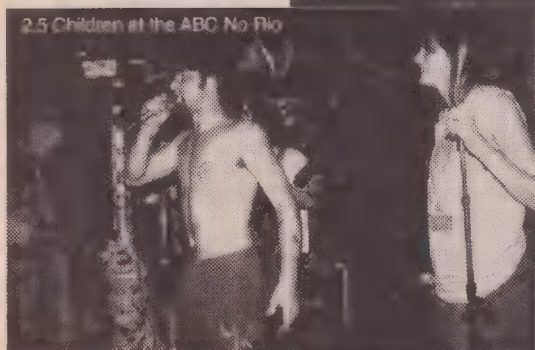
You may have heard the name ABC No Rio, read about it in Maximum Rock N Roll or some other fanzine, but unless you've actually been there, you probably don't really understand what ABC No Rio, or why it's so important that it continues.

Technically, ABC No Rio is 156 Rivington Street, an abandoned four-story apartment building in a really seedy, rundown section of New York City's Lower East Side.

began to use the building weren't junkies or homeless immigrants, but artists and musicians. They formed a collective and petitioned the city for use of the building, which was granted.

So why is it called ABC No Rio? One story goes that at the time the building was first taken over, there was a lawyer's office across the street with an old, crumbling sign out front. At one time, the sign had read

its famous Sunday hardcore matinees because too many people a space where punk and hardcore bands could play without the



2.5 Children at the ABC No Rio



macho, confrontational violence that ruined the CBGB shows. He made it a policy not to advertise the shows in newspapers or magazines, but to use word of

Years ago, the building's original owners defaulted on the taxes, or simply disappeared, and the City became the building's legal owner. Like many such buildings, it was boarded up, abandoned, and allowed to decay.

Since the City wasn't interested in using the building, and since affordable, low-income housing is a rare commodity in New York City, the building was soon overrun by squatters. But in the case of 156 Rivington Street, the people who

"Abogado Con Notario", Spanish for "Attorney and Notary Public" but so many letters had fallen off the sign, that all that remained was AbC No rio. Someone saw it, liked it, and the building at 156 Rivington had a name.

For several years, ABC No Rio was used by artists, poets, writers, musicians, you name it. In 1990, shortly after CBGB stopped

mouth and flyers to attract bands and punks who wanted to have fun at shows, not beat people up. And it worked. Soon, ABC No Rio had cre-



ated an entirely new scene in New York, with bands like Born Against, Rorschach, Go!, Citizens Arrest, and many more whose non-violent, non-sexist, non-homophobic attitude was miles removed from the ugly, violent, jock-dominated NY/HC scene of the late 1980's.

Mike Bullshit didn't do it all himself, of course, and he left to travel and relocate several years ago. But those early shows helped inspire a new collective of volunteers who now control the building. The ABC No Rio hardcore shows have become internationally famous, the only non-profit, all-ages punk rock venue in New York City hosting shows on a regular basis. Punk bands on DIY tours from all over the country --and the world-- look forward to playing there when they pass through New York. Whenever there is a show at ABC, local DIY labels set up tables to sell low-priced CD's, 7 inches, t-shirts, and fanzines. Touring bands can leave their merchandise there on consign-

ment and make it available to NYC's punk community. And ABC No Rio is not only home to punk rock shows, but art exhibits, political meetings, lectures, spoken word performances, and much more.

But now ABC No Rio is in dire trouble. Several months ago, the City served the ABC No Rio

collective with an eviction notice. The building has officially been condemned; only the first floor exhibition space and the basement (where bands play) can be used; it's now too dangerous to use the upper floors. More recently, the City placed

156 Rivington Street on a list of buildings to be sold to

legally no more than squatters.

The ABC No Rio collective is fighting the City's actions in court and so far have been able to stop eviction proceedings, but if the building is sold, there won't be anything anyone can do. Private construction crews will come in and destroy the space. Perhaps, eventually, the building might actually be renovated and turned into affordable low-income housing.

Given New York City's record on low income housing, and the sleazy machinations of the real estate interests in the City, that possibility seems remote. What is certain is that a unique and vital center for the arts and expression of New York's creative community will be lost forever.

ABC No Rio needs your support. The Collective needs money in order to fight the City in court and also to provide basic amenities for the coming winter, like heat, electricity, and clean running water. Desperately needed repairs must be made soon too, or the building will be uninhabitable. If you live in the Greater New York area, you can also volunteer to help work with the Collective. For more information, write to the ABC No Rio Collective at 156 Rivington Street, New York NY 10002, or call (212) 254-3697. If your band is interested in playing at ABC No Rio, booking hours are Tuesdays from 6-8 p.m. EST.



private developers, who are supposed to renovate the buildings for use as low-income housing. Technically, at this point, the ABC No Rio collective, the bands, and everyone who uses the building are

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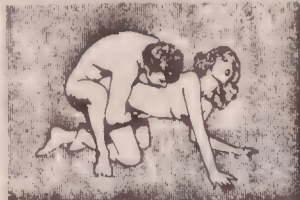
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by your friend, John Crawford

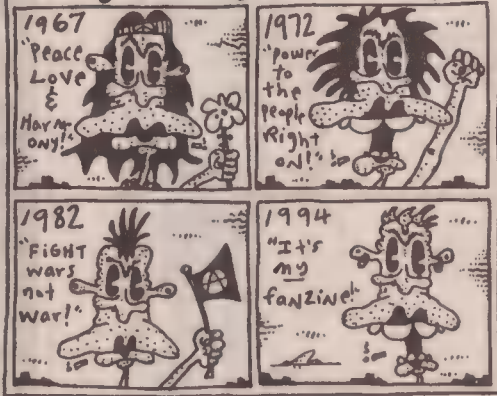
On a day to day basis, Tina manages to keep up a brave appearance.



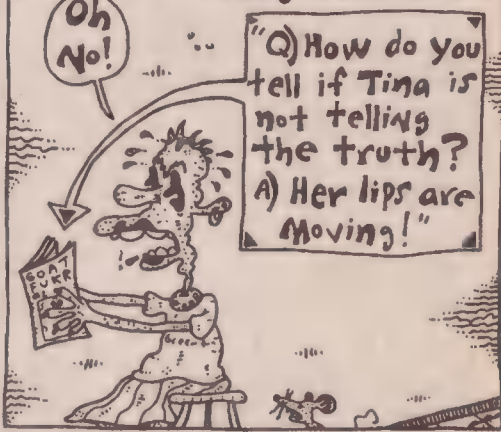
And some are convinced that no matter what is thrown at her she'll just keep bouncing back...



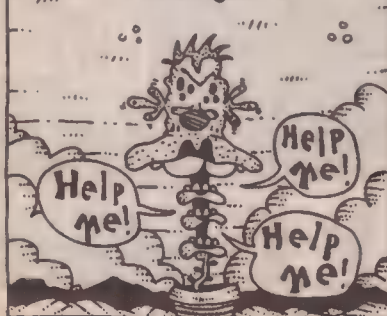
After all, it's been going on for years + years... and years.



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The D.I.Y. Files

How to Put on a Gig

You're bored. There's never any good shows in your town. No punk bands ever plays anywhere near you. No one ever sets up shows for bands to play at. Quit your whining and **DO IT YOURSELF!** It's not that hard, though it does take a large amount of dedication, some monetary risk, and a bit of free time. It's time for your free lesson in putting on a gig.

There's quite a bit of planning involved in doing a gig, if you want to do it right. You need to find a hall, do flyers, rent or borrow a sound system, find bands to play, con friends into helping out, and a myriad of other odds and ends. It sounds difficult, but hopefully this article will tell you what you need to get started.

First, figure out what bands you want to play a show, call them up and ask them if they'd be available to play. Since this is your first gig, tell them there may not be money to pay them with ("it's for the scene, man"). For your first show, use local bands, not touring ones. You don't know how well you can pull it off, and that's not fair to bands depending on gas money to get to the next town. Before you call, though, have an idea of an approximate date for the gig so the band has some idea if they'll be available. If a band wants a contract, tell them to fuck off (especially if they're local).

Next, find a place for the show. Lots of organizations have meeting halls that they may be willing to rent you for a reasonable price. Legion Halls, community centers, farmer's granges, and armories are all possibilities. You want to try to find a place that's not in a neighborhood (to cut down on noise complaints), has a big room (hopefully with a

stage, but it's not a necessity), and doesn't have a wooden dance floor (boot marks will ruin the floor, and you'll pay for it!).

Once you've located a few places, call them up and find out who's in charge of renting to outside organizations. Get ahold of that person and tell them that you want to rent it for a rock concert. Don't tell them **PUNK** rock. They'll never rent it to you if you do. Prices can range from 50 bucks anywhere up to 500. Remember, it's your money you're risking. Find somewhere inexpensive. You also may need to put down a security deposit for possible damages. That's cool, as long as it's not too pricey. You'll need to have access to the hall for an hour or two before the show starts and an hour after for cleanup. If a show starts at 8pm, try to get them to let you in at 6, and ask how late you can rent it, including cleanup. Figure that each band will take an hour to set up, play, and tear down, so rent it accordingly.

Once you have the specific date. Call the bands you contacted earlier and find out if that's cool. If it's not, you might need to find other bands, since that will be easier than trying to change your rental date.

You'll need some sort of a sound system. This is punk rock we're talking about, so don't go crazy. If you know nothing about doing sound, find someone who does. It will make your job a lot easier. Most bands in small halls only need the PA for vocals. They don't need to run their guitar amps through the PA. If you're lucky, one of the bands or one of your friends will have a PA you can borrow. If not, rent one from the local music shop. You'll need at least 4 mics with cords

G

and stands, a couple of speaker bins with cables, a mixing board or PA amp with at least four channels, and a couple of stage monitors. Again, take someone with you who knows a little bit about the equipment. You should be able to rent all of this stuff for 50 to 75 bucks (at least you can in my town).

You'll also need lights. Nothing sucks more than watching a band in a brightly lit room. The gig atmosphere is missing. If the hall has a stage, there will probably be stage lights. Check and make sure! If not, you'll need to either rent some or improvise. You can use regular spotlights in homemade stands set by the edge of the stage or hung on the wall (with tape or on existing nails!) if you need to. Buy the spotlights at any hardware store or borrow them from someone for the evening. Don't worry about colored lights, white will work fine.

You'll want to put out flyers right away, at least 2 or 3 weeks before the big date. Have a friend draw them up if you're not an artist. Have fun, be creative, but don't forget to include the price, location, time and date, and name of the bands who are playing (duh). Sometimes a map on the flyer helps too, if it's really hard to find. Print your flyers at a business discount store, if there's one in your town (like Office Depot). You can often do flyers for as little as 2 cents a copy. Kinko's is expensive (unless you have a friend who works there). Give a stack of flyers to one kid in each high school to pass out, and let them in for free for helping.

In determining the price to charge, figure out how much all of this is costing you, and how many people you think are gonna show up. Try to include in your expenses a little bit of cash (\$20 maybe) for each of the bands that played. If you make more money than you expect, pay the bands more. If not, then use that money elsewhere (you warned them in

advance they might not get paid). It's really cool if you can keep the price at \$3.00 or below. If you can, you know you've spent your cash wisely. Remember, if you charge a lot, fewer people will be able to afford to come. You have to find a happy balance that will earn enough money to cover costs, but not break the audience. Finally, round up some friends to work for you. You will want someone trustworthy to work the door. Someone who won't just wander off before the night is over and who won't let his or her friends in for free. You'll also need someone to set up and run the sound equipment, and a couple of people to do various odd jobs as they occur. Also, find a couple of big punk rockers to bounce, but only if trouble occurs. Let them in for free, but tell them to only interfere if a fight starts. Most crowds are perfectly able to control their own pit.

Some other odds and ends you'll want to bring with you: duct tape, extension cords, powerstrips, a money box, extra cash to make change with, a hand stamp for letting people come back in if they leave, masking tape, a marking pen, and anything else you think you might possibly need. Take it all, just in case.

One last word of warning. Check out your local laws relating to dances, charging admission, noise levels, and posterage (putting up flyers). Just because there is a local law prohibiting something doesn't mean you can't still pull it off, but it's always nice to know what you might be getting yourself into.

I stopped putting on shows a few years ago because it was more work than I wanted to do, with what I found to be relatively few rewards. It just wasn't my thing — maybe it's yours. Give it a try... DIY.

Mark Hanford; Screwball Productions; PO Box 752; Boise ID 83701. (internet: MHANFORD@delphi.com)



It's Cookin' Time!!

recipies by Searah Deysach (SD) and Kim Nollan (PK)

Specialgood shake ■ bake Potatos

This recipie here is real simple and way delicious.

first you must cut up as many poatos as you want. (I use 1.5 - 2 potatos per person)
cut them so thay are sorta shaped liked flat, fat french fries.

into a large paper bag put lots of good, dried spices such as: Basil, Oregeno, Thyme, Rosmary I suggest 2-3 Tablespoons per potato, but you are the ultimate judge. you can know how much you like after you make these once.

now the f-u-n part: put the potatos in the bag with the spices and salt and shake, shake, shake

Then put the shaken-up potatos one a lightly oiled baking pan. the better non-stick the pan, the less oil you have to use.

put this pan under your broiler and broiler them until they are crispy. you will have to turn and stir them up after a bit. (5-10 minutes). if they are browning too fast (less the 4-5 minutes) you should lower the pan further from the broiler. when both sides are brown, then they're done. Yeah SD

Chillie

this makes a whole lot of really good chillie, so plan ahead and invite yer friends!

Get about two cups of dried beans, any kind you want, soak 'em overnight. The next day, start to boil 'em. When they're mostly soft, throw in a handful of pearled barley (you know, the kind without a shell). Let those beans boil until they're soft all the way through.

While the beans are boiling, get a pot & put some chopped up garlic in it, lots of it. Then get some crumbled up Tofu, or Tempeh chopped up real small (I'd go for the Tempeh myself). Saute it in that pot with some tamari until it's almost brown. Throw in some chopped up onions & carrots. When those are kinda cooked, throw in red & green peppers & corn. Once all yer veggies are soft, add spices like: chillie powder, salt & pepper, cumin, cayanne, basil, orregano, and spike. Simmer all this stuff together and add two cans of smooshed up whole tomatos, and a little bit of tomato paste, if you got it. Add some water so its somewhere between thick & thin. Let all this stuff cook for about 15-20 minutes. Throw in some tamari and some sweetener—sucanat or maple syrup (so your tomatos don't taste like the can).

Drain the water from the beans & barley. Throw them in the other pot with everything else. If it's too thick, add some more water. Let it simmer for as long as you can stand it, no really! Add chopped cilantro if you have it. Add some more spices so it tastes good. Now eat it. PK

Left-over spegettii goodness

here is something extra special to do with all that left over pasta you never know what to do with. thanks to my brother for teaching me this trick during the year and a half that we shared an apartment, too bad he never took out the garbage.

take the leftover pasta (saused or unsaused is ok). cut up small, a few of your favorite veggies. these are esp. good: red/green peppers, onions, eggplant, broccoli

in a small pan heat up a touch of oil. briefly sautee the veggies, just to soften them a bit (2-4 min.)

then, over medium heat, throw the pasta on top of the veggies and stir it up a bit. then you kinda just want to fry the pasta like a pancake until it is a little crispy on one side. you can add a scrambled egg over the top at this point if you need a protien boost. when on side is brown and cooked, flip it over, carefully if you can, and cook the other side. cook it good and now is a good time to grate a bit o' cheese on the top. once the whole thing is nice a heated through and the optional cheese is melted, you are done and can eat you super hot spegettii pancake. yum SD

Sunflower Milk French Toast

mmm mmm French Toast

Get a Blender

Put in a handful of sunflower seeds

Add soy or rice milk to cover the seeds. Add apple juice (you know, enough). Also add vanilla extract, sea salt, maple syrup, cinnemin and nutmeg (until it tastes good).

Whir it up in the blender.

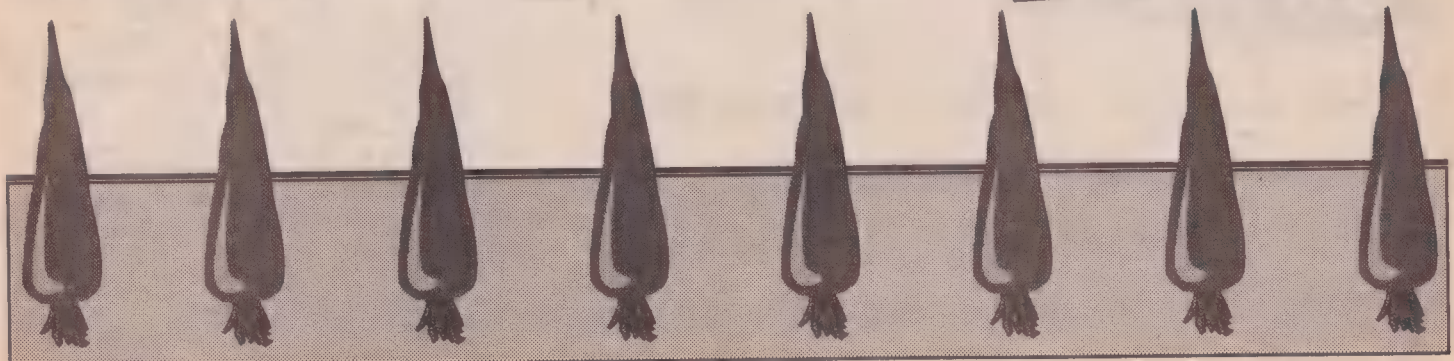
If it's real thick, add more apple juice

use this stuff to coat your bread

slap your soggy bread down in a pan

grill it 'till it's toasty on both sides

Now eat and enjoy! PK





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A few things for people who actually read this. First off, those records lost last issue have turned up (the post office sucks). Second, labels, please don't send old albums in for review. We'll do it because we feel guilty, but please don't. Third, please send Vinyl instead of CD's or tapes if possible. Fourth, thanks to Sean for the idea of the new format. Ok, that's it. Now, the reviewers are: Eric Action (EA); Matt Berland (MB); Darren Cahr (DC); Julia Cole (JC); Steve Cook (SC); Will Dandy (WD); Bob DeGrande (BD); Jon Entropy (JE); Dave Larson (DL); David Selevan (DS2); Dan Sinker (DS); Bret Van Horn (BVH); Sean Wipfli (SW); John Zero (JZ).

Acme-s/t, 7"

This is incredibly heavy hardcore. When it's on you can feel the anger course through your body. Try and imagine a cross between like Buzzoven and Discharge. The singer sounds like he's about to burst a blood-vessel or something. This is brutal. (WD)

(\$5 ppd; Machination records; Jeroen; PO Box 90; 8500 Kortrijk, Belgium)

Angel Hair, 7"

High intensity vocals (high pitched screaming), urgent, plaintive guitar, a little noisy, unsettling and edgy all around. Hailing from Boulder, Colorado, these guys have been around for a while; I know I have read about them here and there and now they are on the latest Gravity release. You will say "whew" after you listen to this. This is not a negative review. (KF)

(Gravity, POB 81332, San Diego, CA 92138)

Apartment 213-Vacant, 7"

YOW! Sledgehammer to the ribcage powerviolence!!! Punishing crush guitar w/ seething vocals, shifts speed fast enough to give you whiplash & soundbites that'll send chills up your spine... if you're into full-on Slap-A-Ham style brutality, this needs to get into your hot little mitts NOW. (SW)

(\$3 to: Dark Empire, P.O. Box 770213, Lakewood, OR 44107)

Apocalypse Hoboken - Jerk Lessons 10"

Loud, guitar-on-ten punk rock from Illinois w/ that '77 influence. crunchy, energetic & catchy; a solid release worth tracking down! (SW)

(Dyslexic Records, 528 White Oak, Roselle, IL 60172)

Apocalypse Hoboken- Super Incredible Heavy Duty Dudes, CD

I was attracted by the name so I'm so glad I can say that I really like these guys. They rock. They make me laugh. I find most of the lyrics incomprehensible—probably just as well—but the singer's got an hilarious voice and he does a competent Joe Piscopo impression. It's all high-energy stuff. The quintessence of punk. Giggle while you pogo. (JC)

(Dyslexic Records, 528 White Oak Drive, Roselle, IL 60172)

Araby-7"

D.C. sounding older style melodic emo-core. This sort of has the same feel as the Rain 12" E.P. that came out how ever many years ago, but with a slower pace. Detailed lyrics that take serious views on both personal and larger scale topics. "To Blame Myself" is interesting and sounds like it could double as a sociology paper... cool. I'm looking forward to another release by these folks. (BVH)

Red Dawg Records: 300 N. Bryan, Bloomington, IN 47408

ARM, 7"

Melodic kinda thrashy song on side one, side two's a little more on the emo side. Neither blazes any new trails but they are clean and tight. (KF)

(The Generic Label, POB 225, St. Cloud, MN 56302-0225)

Avail-Dixie, LP

Boom. Once again Avail releases an album with very little hype, and once again the album FUCKING RULES!!!! This is one of the best albums I've heard in a while. Avail plays a little harder than on their first twelve inch, but they still manage to avoid any sort of real classification of their sound. In a punk rock landscape of clones and lookalikes, Avail definitely stands out as a band with a sound all their own. Now if they'd only play Chicago..... (DS)

(Lookout Records PO Box 11374 Berkley CA 94712)

Backdraft -The Stream... 7"

Aside from making the deadly design flaw of using dark blue ink on grey paper (you can't read a thing), this release is pretty good. It's pretty standard chugga chugga hardcore, but it's well produced and the band is really tight. It's too bad that the lyric sheet is unreadable. (DS)

(Crucial Response Records Kaiserfeld 98 46047 Oberhausen Germany)

The Blow Pops-American Beauties, LP

The name of the record company alone is enough to make me laugh. These retro-hipsters in their vests and butterfly collars sing the most annoying pop love songs I've ever heard. And I can't even figure out if their bassist is a guy or a girl- oh nevermind, his name is Jack. I hate to give harsh criticism on anyone's music, but I could barely stand listening to this for the full 16 songs. With songs like- "I'm seein' love", "Here goes my heart", and "She don't need me now" ... you get the idea. Shit, and their record company describes themselves as "GROOVMEISTERS". Give me a break. (J.Z.)

(Get Hip Recordings, P.O.Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

Brice Glace-when in vanitas..., LP

Jim O'Rourke, Chicago avant guy around town, has cooked up this weird, experimental thing he's decided to call Brice Glace. Obviously influenced by John Cage (he even names the songs by their times, e.g. "7:03", "10:52", etc.) these odd meandering songs have the random, ambient feel of city noise. This, in and of itself, is intriguing, but not necessarily enough to make an album interesting (for an examp of how to do a fucked up experimental record well, see Tortoise's new LP). Einsturzende Neubauten, Throbbing Gristle and other noise happy '70s types were able to do this kind of thing in their sleep twenty years ago, without actually putting you to sleep. And even the presence of guitar gods Dave Grubbs (playing organ!?) and Henry Kaiser fails to make this thing go anywhere. File under: great idea, vague execution. It'd probably make a good film soundtrack, though. (DC)

Skin Graft Records, p.o. box 257546 Chicago, IL 60625

Bugjuice-Que Val, CD

Wow. This is a really neat CD. Completely different than anything that I've heard lately, and I love it. The vocals are emotional and soothing and the music varies from both heavy and melodic to soft and pretty. Definately check out this record, it is cool. (DS2)

(Ringing Ear Records 9 Maplecrest, New Market, NH 03857-1401.)

Butterglory-Crumble, L.P.

Kinda feel-good minimalist indy-rock pop stuff that has too many melodies to really be minimalist. Disinterested sounding gender-switching vocals, jangly guitar and solid, flowing bass lines. It briefly reminds me of old Pixies stuff from time to time, but never quite clutches the wit, originality or emotional high that made the Pixies so cool. I think this would be cool doing homework-on-a-rainy-day-afternoon type stuff. This came without any insert or layout whatsoever, so I really don't know much else about the band... (BVH)

(Merge Records: P.O. Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

Campfire-s/t, LP

First listening: Hmmnnn.... yep - sounds like it looks. Total post-hardcore. Heavier than, say, Lifetime or Godspeed - a bit more like Statue maybe. The vocals come in on track 2 whoa, kinda' out of tune and a little screechy. By the end of the CD they sound just fine though. I don't know about this, it doesn't really sound all that special. Maybe I'll listen to it again..... Second listening: Wow, this is really good! (DL)

(Trustkill 23 Farm Edge Lane Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

Chisel-Sunburn, 7"

What can be said about this release: Chisel are a great live band and which this record captures that feel quite well. It has the poppy feel that their other record has but is better sounding. Three songs to fill your earbuds on this overall excellent packaged 7" (EA)

(Gern Blandsten 305 Haywood Drive, Paramus, NJ 07652)

Chokehold -Instilled, 7"

A straightedge band that would "like you to use your brain", hmmm what a concept. This record deserves props for a number of reasons. First, the lyrics are a step above the normal no-thought political stance (although why they list Animal & Earth liberation before Human liberation is questionable at best). Second, they actually put out a FIVE song 7" (remember when that was the norm?). Third, the layout is really good. Unfortunately, the music wasn't that great, and the production was terrible, but I think the positive and the negative cancel each other out. (DS)

(Bloodlink Records, PO Box 252 New Gretna, NJ 08224)

Chronic Thrill-Fatalism, 7"

I'm not exactly sure why I was given this record(probably because it's on a label with the word 'beer' in the name) but it's not something I like an incredible amount. It's not a bad release, and I'm sure I'll listen to it again, but it's kinda cheesy to me. These guys sound like one of those early 80's kinda catchy punk bands mixed with some cheese riffs and a little hardcore. The lyrics are really understandable and what I can hear is also kinda cheesy. This is a decent release, and if you like this kinda 80's classic punk/metal mix then grab this one. All i can say is cheese.(J.E.)

(Beer City Records P.O. Box 494 Milwaukee, WI 53122)

Corrupted Ideals-Anti Generation, CD/3 X 7"???)

Hey, lets drink beer, not give a fuck, and pretend it's 1977 again! That's exactly what these guys come off as, and although it has been done before it's still really cool. Three chord 77 hardcore can never really go wrong. (WD)

(New Red Archives; PO Box 210501; San Francisco, CA 94121)

Counterclock-s/t, 7"

Take NOMEANSNO, and add a large dose of jazz and prog-metal, and you'll get COUNTERCLOCK. Features former members of FALSE SACRAMENT & NATURAL CAUSE, which is also a big influence on their sound. Tweaked out and tight, with off-kilter stop-and-start riffs, this is a good debut 7"...(SW)

(Too Many Records, P.O. Box 1222, Spokane, WA 99210)

Crucifix-Dehumanization, LP

This is a really good hardcore album. Very dischargy. I mean, what more can you say? Really good, simple, powerful english hardcore. recommended for anyone into that genre. (WD)

(Southern Records; PO Box 59; London, N22 1AR)

The Cynics-Get Our Way, CD

This CD reminded me strongly of the Beatles at several points, which I consider a good thing. You may differ. The songs vary from poppy from heavy to James Brown-ish; a bit more consistency would have been a plus. I wish they would stick to the upbeat poppy sound, but a nice tinny sound to the guitar and some catchy songs made it enjoyable enough. (SC)

(Get Hip Records, PO Box 666, Canonsburg PA 15317)

Dazibao-Saho, 12"

Ugh. Like, uh, french goth/new wave, with no redeeming qualities. Will's trying to torture me by giving me this one. I hate to dis a band's record this hard, but it was painful to sit through this, and there's only six songs. It's, uhhhh, got a nice jacket, kind of bold woodcut or lino stamp artwork...(SW)

(New wave Records/Aline Richard, APMC New Wave B.P.G., 75462 Paris, Cedex 10, France)

Dead Silence-Unlearning, CD

Dead Silence fukin rocks my world!They are hardcore punk rock out the ass. This release really varies a lot, some songs reminding me of old C.O.C. stuff(bak when they were a punk band) while some being tighter and heavier and even reminding me of Chaos U.K. at times. This is a great CD, and gives you enough Dead Silence to listen to for a looong time(28 tracks). This shows how one band can vary a lot and still be really good.(J.E.)

(Vinyl Communications P.O. Box 8623 Chula Vista, CA 91912)

The Dennison/Kimball Trio-Walls in the City, LP

A very abstract instrumental blues album- I think. I've listened to this several times and still can't figure what these guys' musical influences are. I've definitely enjoyed this recording though. I was surprised that it was so different from what I expected. The absence of vocals gives this release a real laid back feel, and some of the dischordant guitarwork reminds me of something I heard Miles Davis do on trumpet. Although this isn't the type of music I'd normally listen to, I'm sure I'll find myself listening to this again. (J.Z.)

(Skin Graft Records, P.O.Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625)

Devil Dogs-L.B.M.F., 7"

Those rockin dogs are back with their newest 7" Laid Back Mother Fuckers. This time with four songs showing you how cool they really are. This is straight up C'mon make you feel good rock n roll with the total punk rock energy and feel to it. If you have never heard the Devil Dogs before this would be a great place to start your addiction. (EA)

(Headache Records PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

Dirt-Scent of the Kill, 7"

Just about every punker has at least heard of the almost legendary hardcore band Dirt. I myself had never heard them before this release (I'm ashamed). They are much different from what I expected, but still killer. They've got the good old simple hardcore music going while the female singer is what really makes it stand out. She sounds sort of like the go-go's singer when they used to be punk (a compliment). But it's not shrieking or anything which is what makes it so unique and cool. This is definately a keeper. (WD)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7, 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Dizbuster-Gun Lighter Cricket, LP

Wanna-be sinister sounding rock and roll which, hopefully, doesn't take its self as seriously as it seems. Some of the music has appeal and at times had me tapping my feet or fingers. Too bad the songs have titles like, "In Drag," "Carnal Action Coil" and "Crispy Dangler," with the Spinal Tap lyrics to match (at least the ones I could understand did). Sorry guys, not my cup of tea. Produced by Jeff Dahl. (BVH)
(Get Hip Recordings; P.O. Box 666, Canonsberg, PA 15317)

Doom/Hedgehod-split 7"

Doom blast out atmospheric post-hardcore/industrial grime (this being the Japanese DOOM), while Cali's HEDGEHOD sound like the JESUS LIZARD playing punk rock; distorted Yow-esque vocals, twitchy guitar raking, and a mean rhythm section, only not as all-out as the Touch & Go madmen. Interesting 7", though I'd go for the HALF LIFE/INHUMANITY split before this one. (SW)
(H:G FACT, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164, Japan)

Double Boar -s/t, 7"

Musically, this is pretty interesting —albeit not very groundbreaking. It is slow, ofttempo, dischordian, and noisy (with two basses no less). Why the singer is singing like he's in some damn death metal band is beyond me. He fucking ruins this entire release. Boys, do me a favor, drop the singer, record a new record, send it for review, get a good review. (DS)
(Bovine Records PO Box 2134 Madison WI, 53701)

The Downs Family-Falling Down Drunk b/w Finnegans Wake, 7"

Irish music! This isn't punk! But you sure can dance a jig to it!!! I wouldn't seek this out normally, but it's good! I'll be listening to it again soon... Upbeat, great whistling, check it out... (SW)
(Vinyl Communications, P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

Dread Messiah-s/t, 7"

I only need to say a few words to tell you what this sounds like. Skuld Releases. This is English, this is hardcore, this is angry, this makes me want to slam my head against a large pole. Since about 75% of the stuff I've reviewed for this zine have been Skuld, you'd think I'd get tired of it, but fuck no I don't! This is a cool release, it's actually more slow and driving than most of the other Skuld releases, but without losing that angry grindy crusty sound. If I ever travel to Germany I'm staying with the guys who run Skuld, because every fukin release they have is amazing! If you like crust, and like hardcore, buy this now. Crustcore must be spreading all around Europe, and it gets better every time I hear it. (J.E.)
(Skuld Releases Maybachstr. 7, 70839; Gerlingen, Germany)

Emily-Finer Time, 7"

Starts out upbeat and a little poppy, but with a harder edge to it. There's a bit of a Fuel influence in there. Remember that Fuel/Angry Son split 7"? Emily sounds a little bit like Angry Son too. That's a good thing. There are so many 7"s out there now that it's hard to know whether anything is going to be any good at all. If you buy this one you shouldn't be disappointed in the least. (DL)
(\$3 to: Rent To Own 79 High St. Newton, PA 18940)

Everready-Kalifornia, 7"

Pretty standard pop-punk stuff here. Everready follows the mold previously set by Crimpshrine, J-Church, and Green Day. The songs are all pretty much on the peppy side with lots of catchy hooks and choruses with lots of cool stops thrown in between. The standout is, "I Never Will," with it's chorus and opening riff. Four songs. Good value. (BVH)
(Liquid Meat; P.O. Box 460692, Escondido, CA 92046)

Extinction of Mankind-Weakness, 7"

Can anybody say crust punks? These guys are cool crunchy punk with great lyrics (which are almost too poetic for this type of music) and not to mention a huge color poster/sleeve. This is just outright really good political hardcore. (WD)
(Skuld Records; Maybachstr. 7, 70839 Gerlingen, Germany)

Feeding The Fire/Spawn-split 7"

This is a European Hardcore Straight Edge record. That tells you pretty much right there what it sounds like. Is it good? Let's see: Feeding The Fire side - kinda' sounds like Strain. Slow and metal-ish. The second song starts out punk! An anti-smoking song. Good stuff! O.k., Spawn side - Wow, I swear I can hear an Undertow influence here. This is really good stuff! What do you know, they have an anti-smoking song too. If you're a fan of SEHC, this record is definitely for you. (DL)
(Crucial Response Records Kaisersfeld 98,46047 Oberhausen, Germany)

Festering Rinyanyons -Flatlander Recluse, LP

Well, it's got a good beat, and I can dance to it. It's pretty standard fast punk, so if that's your bag, you'll may like this release. Without a lyric sheet, I can't be sure that the lyrics are as dumb as they seem. From the song titles (with such classics as "Muthaphuka" and "Junkfood Pussy"), these guys seem pretty inane. (DS)
(Bovine Records PO Box 2134 Madison, WI 53701)

Foss-The El Paso Pussycats, 7"

Strange thing. With a title like "The El Paso Pussycats" and a couple of long haired guys in drag on the front I wasn't quite sure what to expect with this release. I was excited to find that this band isn't bad at all. The song on the A-side seems liek a fast-paced, slightly melodic, punk rock, while the song on the B-side is more mellow and droning. The lyrics for the B-side song are scawled on the back and seem to be relatively intelligent. There's also an answering machine message on the A-side that's worth listening to. I'm not really sure who to compare these guys to—I wouldn't want to mislead you into thinking they're something they're not. It seems that maybe the sound they acheived wasn't exactly what they were looking for, I don't know. In any case, I know I'll be listening to this again. (JZ)
(Western Breed Records; 1425 Fewel St.; El Paso, Texas 79902)

Gas Huffer/Red Aunts-split 7"

Two different bands covering each others songs, how original. Fortunately this record really works. The Red Aunts are an all female group that is punk as fuck. They take the Gas Huffer song "Cupcakes" and turn it into a punk rock anthem of sorts. Meanwhile Gas Huffer plays a very straight up version of "Teach me to Kill". Overall is definitely worth the Red Aunts song alone. Plus it is a picture disc with each band dressing up like each other (ie drag). (EA)

(Sympathy for the Record Industry- no address)

Gaunt-Sob Story, 12" EP

This twelve inch clock in at a little more than 17 minutes of garage lo-fi punk rock. Ohio's own keeps getting dirtier and dirtier with each release. This Ep is much better than their 10" record and their early 7"s. Unlike their state brothers the New Bomb Turks they tend to be poppy with more hooks than your fathers fishing box. Plain in simple this is a great record and its only bad side is that it is only a 9 song EP. Look for a new LP soon. (EA)

(Thrill Jockey PO Box 1527, Peter Stuyvesant Sta. NY, NY 10009)

Generiks-Cactus Jelly Jive, 7"

The Generiks hail from Phoenix, Arizona. They play happy, heavy, groovy punk rock with crazy time changes and lots and lots of vocals and numerous instruments. Having witnessed their live show, I can see that they come off less metal sounding and more punk sounding in the studio. Their sound reminds me a bit of Seattle's My Name, with maybe a little bit of Portland's Sweaty Nipples, minus the annoying slap bass that Sweaty uses so much, thrown in periodically. These three songs will be on an upcoming 7" and an L.P. as well, both to be released on their own label. (BVH)

(Generiks: 2901 N 29th Ave, Ste #63-246, Phoenix, AZ 85051)

Gift-s/t, CD

Three nice metal-ly songs that are more "heavy" than "hard." Both the singers (male guitarist, female bassist) sound nice, and Poison Idea's drummer gives it a driving rhythm. Nothing too original, but solid and enjoyable. I hope this is a prelude to a full-length album. (SC)

(Tim Kerr Records, Box 4243 Portland OR 97242)

Girls Against Boys, "Cruise Yourself" LP

Kinda spooky, spoken/sung lyrics by a breathy vampire like singer, this took me by surprise and got me in the Halloween spirit. We're not talking spooky in a vampy way like the Cramps or something, this is very moody but sharp and different. Kind of noisy with feedback and loud guitars, not yr typical three chord throwaways, these you will have to pay attention to. It's different, it's now, and I like it a lot. (KF)

(Touch & Go, POB 25520, Chicago IL 60025)

Glazed baby-Karmic Debt, CD

Another former "Allied band" signs to a bigger indy label, and like BUZZOVEN, turn in a head crushing full length! GB blast out an ugly brand of noise, not relenting until they've ground yer face into the dirt for a good long while. If you like brutal pound like FUDGETUNNEL, BUZZOVEN, EYEHATEGOD or FLOOR, but with a bit less of a "metal" edge, this will make you deaf with a big smile on yer face! Now if I can just track down the rest of their releases... (SW)

(Red Decibel XXXXXXXX)

Glendale-s/t, 7"

Once again (and doesn't this happen to you too?) I discover a 7" that I absolutly adore, only to find out that it was relased after the band broke up. This is the case with the Glendale 7". It absolutly rules, but the band has already broken up. Jay, the singer on the first track, was previously in the underrated band LINCOLN, and this defintly follows the LINCOLN sound, just with fewer parts. If you are into LINCOLN, or emocore, definitely pick this up. You won't be dissappointed. (DS)

(Art Monk Construction PO Box 1105 State College PA 16804)

Godless-Who's in control?, LP

Definitely one of my favorite bands right now. Probably the most underappreciated band of the century. Fast-paced punk rock with wailing female vocals, features ex-members of Resist Ty and Ward and was produced by "Slayer Hippie" Hanford. Ward was nice enough to send me a copy of Godless' demo tape (thank you), whihc is even better than the LP. This release has a great cover of the Conflict song, "I've had enough" and Rudimentary Peni's "Blissful Myth." The lyrics on this LP read like revolutionary propaganda and the music is melodic and tight. I don't think anyone could be dissappointed with this release. Buy it now GODDAMN IT!!!! (JZ)

(Tribal War Records; PO Box 20012; Tompkins Square Sta.; NY, NY 10009)

Graue Zellen/Naytia-split LP

This is a split LP of what I think are two German bands. That in itself probably hints to you what this sounds like, because Germany is basically the crustiest place on earth. Graue Zellen is heavy, but actually has some musical talent and some neat slow parts. They are heavy, but dont blow you out of your chair like other crustcore bands like No Security. Naytia pretty much have the same sound which by now(about 40 minutes into the release) is reminding me of Amebix in a bastard cross with Venom. It's crusty, and fairly heavy, but has these neat little metally lead/noise things occassionally that are suprisingly cool. Definately a good release and a little something different from Germany. Holy shit! I just noticed Naytia was from Greece. They sound so German they must spend all their time listening to German music, but they still rock and make me want to check into more Greek punk.(J.E.)

(Skuld Releases Maybachstr. 7, 70839; Gerlingen, Germany)

Guttermouth-Friendly People, LP

These guys have been one of my faves for a while now. They kick out great powerful melodic punk with humour. They sound sort of like a cross between NOFX and Rhythm Collision. Teh singer is the real zinger in the band. He can go from growling vocals one minute to funny as hell talk/sing shit the next. God, these guys rock my world. I've listened to this about every other day since I got it two months ago. (WD)

(Nitro Records; 7151 Warner Ave Suite E-736; Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

Half Life/Inhumanity-split 7"

HALF LIFE are heavy crunching Japanese hardcore with gruff vocals. Doesn't say where INHUMANITY are from, but their brand of doomed out hatecore is even better than HALF LIFE! Poisonous vocals, heavy and warped guitar tones, this in a killer 7" (SW)

(H:G FACT, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164, Japan)

Hammerhead-Stay Where The Pepper Grows, CD

Germany's answer to POISON IDEA? Gruff, heavy, in-yer-face hardcore. Bristles w/ anger, power, and energy. Obnoxious insert art and confusing cover/title. Ugly band too, you know it must be good! (SW)

(X-Mist, Riedwiese 13, 72229 Rohrdarf, Germany)

Helicopter-The Trombino Sessions, LP

I don't really like this record. These guys are extremely talented, it is just that this style of music is sort of irritating to me. It sort of sounds like something I'd hear on a dumb radio station. If you like this band, you will probably love this record. I am amazed by some of the stuff, including an African Weaving song. This band is really good, even though I can't listen to this record all the way through. (DS2)

(Negative Records P.O.Box 90711 S.D., CA 92169-2711.)

Hellbender-S/T, CD only

This ten song disc captures what pop punk should sound like. Catchy songs with great lyrics. The kind of lyrics that make you think about your own personal experiences. Influences range possibly from pop punk as well as seventies metal. Disregard a couple of unnecessary guitar solos and this could be one of the best things to come out this year. Two drawbacks are it is only on CD and two of the songs were of their last 7". (EA)

(Behemoth Sound PO Box 874 LindenHurst NY, 11757)

Hemlock-s/t, CD

The second CD I've received this month that came in a cardboard box (an amusing trend, if you ask me). Hemlock sound like one guy screaming (who sounds like the fat guy from Tad) and one guy singing (who sounds a little like the short guy from Green Day without the fake accent) to pulsing, nearly metal hardcore songs that are distinguished by the occasional, slightly Husker Du-like bridge from time to time. In fact, now that I'm thinking about it, they sound almost exactly like Tad, which would be fine if they weren't from La Jolla, instead of the backwoods of Idaho. Just kidding. Actually, I like Tad (how can you hate a 300 pound ex-butcher from Idaho who sings exclusively about being a 300 pound ex-butcher from Idaho?) and I like Hemlock, even if they lack that singularity of purpose. They write tight, catchy songs that are both hard and inventive. No one will ever say that they're pushing new territory out there (and they need new lyrics badly) but they're solid, which is about all you can ask for. Oh, and after a few normal songs, there's a whole bunch o'gibberish, which is a nice touch, though I suspect that it's better suited for shrooming than normal listening habits. (DC)

(Liquid Meat Records, P.O. Box 460692, Escondito, CA 92046-0692)

Hinge-Meaning, 7"

This is probably the most innovative thing I've heard done with hardcore in a while. Imagine this if you can: a mix between Resist and Downcast. I know it sounds really weird, but trust me this makes an incredible combination. The lyrics are political and go along really well, all I can say is that this has to be heard to be believed. (WD)

(Vagary Records; PO Box 341811; Milwaukee, WI 53234)

Holeshot-Pacemaker, 7"

This 7" opens with a really annoying metal riff, but once it's over it's a great release. These guys are pretty fast kinda hardcore stuff, but don't lose that catchy melodic type sound. You can even sing along with them, and it leaves you in a happy mood. It reminds me a lot of Fitz of Depression which is another good band. This is one of those records that you have to get, just because it's true punk rock and you can scream the lyrics and feel all warm inside. If these guys have anything else, I want it now!! If you like emotional type speedy punk rock buy this now, damnit. (J.E.)
(Reservior P.O. Box 790366 Middle Village, NY 11379)

Inquisition-The Broken Songs, CD

I have listened to this over and over and I can't get a handle on it. The first song sounds like the soundtrack to Endless Summer and the last one (instrumental) sounds like Carlos Santana. In between it sounds kind of like Suicidal Tendencies. I don't run screaming from the room when I hear it but I think they need to develop their own original style. Could have promise. I guess their biggest mistake is no address on the liner notes so you couldn't order it even if you did like my review. (KF)

Inquisition-Bullet Proof, tape

Why is it some of the shittiest bands can get vinyl released, while incredible bands like Inquisition end up releasing all their stuff on tape? I got this demo for review and frankly, didn't expect much at all. It looked a hell of a lot like something a typical political punk band might put out...xeroxed cassingle case, even the band's name sounded like it. The stuff inside is well-written and performed, incredibly catchy pop-punk with a definite hardcore undertone. The music is kinda like Sleeper but more poppy and the vocals are a hybrid of Samiam and old Forced Down. This is one of the coolest things I've heard in a long time, the cool changes and smooth vocals bring smiles to my face and from what I can tell, the lyrics actually have some meaning too. Especially entertaining is their cover of Duran Duran's "Hungry Like the Wolf." It looks like these guys have an older ten-song cassette release called "Broken Songs" as well, on the same label as this. Someone get these guys some vinyl! (BVH)

(Homeless Records:18321 Duval Rd, Moseley, VA 23120)

Jack With Killer-Counterattack from an Obscure H.C., 7"

This is pretty cool. It's put out by Six Weeks records, which is a label owned by one of the guys in Capitalist Casualties and the womyn in the Dread, and is dedicated to putting out unknown hardcore bands. This ranges from traditional punk hardcore like Human Alert to noise/grindcore to catchy riffs. I can't say I've heard a band like this one, and it's a pretty damn good mix. Definately a unique release, which is hard to find these days. (J.E.)

(Six Weeks 2262 Knolls Hill Cr.; Santa Rosa, CA. 95405)

Jack Shred Destruction Co., Demo

Quite the professional layout and packaging for a demo here. The recording quality is as stated on the tape, "...in a bedroom in June 1994 with 2 mikes and a Tascam. DIY!!!"

I'd like to hear them live or with a better recording. The music sounds like yer basic punk rock, with the courage to be a little more adventurous than the conventional basic punk rock. Some of it kinda reminds me of Fear, while some even has more of an emo feel. Write the band with an S.A.S.E. for free stickers and more info. (BVH)

(J.S.D.C: 3364 Helix St, Spring Valley, CA 91977)

Jesus Lizard-Down, CD

If you don't know the Jesus Lizard by now, you may be out of luck. The best comparison my friends and I could think for the band's sound is Fugazi by way of Drive Like Jehu, but that doesn't give a hint of the full road-to-hell intensity of David Yow's voice. Tight band plus great singer equals great CD. I wonder how much they got for the major label CD...(SC)
(Touch & Go, Po Box 25520; Chicago, IL 60625)

Johnboy-Claim Dedications, CD

This is cool and different. Haevy and intense music that is sometimes choppy. Sort of frantic vocals with really tight music that at times show complexity, ranging from pretty and soft to driving and fast. Check this record out soon. (DS2)
(Trance Syndicate PO BOX 47991 Austin, tx 78765)

John Monopoly -Octagon Soap, LP

Shoot me. Somebody shoot me. This is the worst dreck I've heard this issue (and trust me, I've gotten the worst of the worst to review). I'm going to go out on a limb here and eat a few of my words. It's not punk. It's not hardcore. It's not noise. It's not shit. This is fucking 'alternative rock' in all it's glory. The singer sounds like fucking Faith No More, and the musicians all sound like they've memorized Rush's greatest hits. The liner notes list a lawyer, sales person, and promotion all as members of their 'team'. Go team. This is fucking terrible. Jesus, turn it off. (DS)
(no label address —gee how sad)

Lampchop-I Hope You're Sitting Down, LP

I can't beleive these guys are on the same label that Superchunk used to be on. The only way I can think to describe this is "Tom Petty meets Willie Nelson with stupid lyrics". Does that make any sense? The singer continuously tells stupid stories about things like a guy committing suicide with 70 bottles of AirFreshener and some girl with a fuzzy sweater. And I think he's trying to be serious. In one song I heard him say "I think I just pissed on your floor/ that's O.K. I don't mind/ then she threw up some more" or something like that. Oh well, maybe I'd appreciate it if I lived in Texas. (J.Z.)
(Merge Records, no address)

Low Rent Souls/Lazyboy-split 7"

LSR is kind of off-key melodic punk hardcore with double bass drum fills... Nothing too mind-blowing, but the second song kicks up some dust... LAZYBOY is driving punk rock with gruff vocals, too bad they've broken up already! (SW)
(Peace Creep, P.O. Box 42451, Portland, OR 97242)

Mama Tick-Gimme the Five Bucks, CD

Overcaffienated hyper-spazz noise rock blast. As heavy and crazy as any Japanese band, this Chicago trio whups heavy grooves, bombastic guitar and screamed babble vocals straight in your face! After four 7"s, all on different labels (with a fifth split 7" with FAUCET on the way ...), it's good to see this band get a full length out (on yet another label). Supposedly touring early winter in support of this too - watch for them! And get this in the mean time, so you can scream along with all the songs...(SW)
(Dubious Honour, c/o Ben Keller, RRI, Box 1415, Bar Harbor, ME 04609)

Man or Astro-Man?-Your Weight on the Moon, 10"

Nine originals and a cover of Destination Venus round off this wonderful ten incher. You really have to love sci-fi, surf punk style music to get into this though. Some hate it while others beg for it. Man or Astroman? do have a lot of original stuff on this record and the samples between the songs are almost worth the price of the record alone. Probably their best to date and it is even on bright pink vinyl. (EA)
(One Louder Records, PO Box 1NW, NewCastle-Upon-Tyne, NE99 1NW England)

Mankind?-Won't You Join the Army..., 7"

Wow, this is one of the best hardcore releases of the year. Great hardcore music coming from the band, with Bill from the Pist and many other bands on guitar. Their are two singers, with political lyrics, naturally, one male who sounds sorta like Jake Filth crossed with the guy from the Unamused. Then there's the female singer who reminds me a lot of the woman from A.P.P.L.E. Let's just say that this fucking rules and leave it at that, ok? (WD)
(\$3; Eugene Records; PO Box 2183; Meriden, CT 06450)

Martinsville - Universal DayCare, CD

Slow and dark industrial synth tapelooop stuff from this Canadian band. Too bad none of these songs go anywhere, it's all goth and gloom and fake smoke, with no trace of energy. If I listen to this again, it'll be to fall asleep to. Who got the new FETISH 69 cd, I wanna trade! (SW)
(Vinyl Comimmications, P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA, 91912)

Masskontroll-s/t, 7" flexi

This is fucking insane. With the bassist from Defiance on guitar I expected the same sort of music, but I was quite wrong. These guys are grindcore with no joking around. It's in your face from the second it starts till the very end. The most stand-out thing about it would be the singer who just seems to emit a primal yell. The only problem is that it's one sided which kinda sucks. There could be, and should be more songs. But that's ok, this just leaves me thirstin' for more.
(Consensus Reality; 1951 West Burnside #1654; Portland, OR 97209)

Mohinder, 7"

"Something's got to give!" screams the singer; believe him! Eight raw, forceful, loud songs packed onto 7 inches. Distorted beast-like vocals, and the powerful drums hammer the point home with thunderous effect. I am a drum groupie, it takes a extra good drummer to stand out without dominating entirely, but it's done here. The band's from Cupertino (NoCal) in case you care. (KF)
(Gravity, POB 81332, San Diego CA 92138)

Mule-If I don't six, LP

I'm a little confused. It sounds like hill-billy cock-rock meets Pearl Jam. I'm trying real hard to like this band, but in the second song I think I hear the singer saying "I'm a long-dong daddy, I got a long-dong" and the first song begins with some girl panting like she's getting fucked. I don't know, musically they seem pretty talented w/ slight country western influences and it sounds like they spent a lot of time in the studio making this sound good. I guess I could see this band getting played on the local hard-rock station. Not my type of music, but I'm sure they'll be successful (long-dong what????). (JZ)
(Quarterstick Records; P.O. Box 25342; Chicago, IL 60625)

Ninefinger, 7"

You know you're in trouble when you can't figure out if the 7" is supposed to be played at 33 or 45 RPMs. I finally figured it out, and it didn't help much. "Incendiary," the first cut, sounds like early Swans, without the overtones of castration, enslavement and self-abasement. It also reminds me a bit of early Butthole Surfers, "The Shah Sleeps In Lee Harvey's Grave" period, without the humor. Of course, these things could be there, but I can't hear what the hell he's saying well enough to tell you, and the music isn't compelling enough to make me care. The second cut, a cover of Dr. Feelgood by Mötley Crüe, is lame, and probably funnier live. (DC)

(Rhetoric Records, P.O. Box Madison, WI 53701)

NoneLeftStanding-Laura, 7"

When I signed up for this job I was asked what kind of music I preferred so that I could be sent records to review that I would have some knowledge of. So it should come as no surprise that a lot of my reviews make the same kinds of comparisons. I just wanted to be the first to point that out. This is a GREAT record! Hard, pre-Gravity Emo-core is how I would describe it. Fuel and Sawhorse both come to mind, as if they all graduated from the Mike Kirsh School For Advanced Emo Studies - with flying colors. An album would be nice, thankyoubye. (DL)

(Rhetoric Records P.O. Box 82 Madison, WI 53701)

One Nation Under-Overdue, 7"

This band apparently broke up just before this was released. Too bad, because they sounded promising. This record has some sort of Experimental Hardcore thing going on with lots of extra noise and samples and the like. No keyboards, though. It didn't change my life, but I'm no worse off having heard it either. (DL)

(Dyslexic 528 White Oak Roselle, IL 60172)

Ordination Of Aaron-s/t, 7"

This starts off sounding almost exactly like the later Moss Icon stuff, but soon gets harder and louder with screaming instead of singing. These two styles spend the rest of the record competing for dominance. I think the harder one ends up winning in the end, but it's really how the game is played that matters and in this case it's played quite well. (DL)

(Bloodlink Records P.O. Box 252 New Gretna, NJ 08224)

Out Cold-Lost Cause, 7"

Anti-pc knuckle-dustin' punk/core with raw NEGATIVE APPROACH style vocal damage- This shit kicks like a pack of drunk skinheads! No production gloss, just straight out ugly blast for fans of hateful old school hardcore. (SW)

(Fudgeworthy, 8 Stevin Drive, Woburn, MA 01801)

Palace Brothers-s/t, CD

For me, there is a fine line between acoustic punk (which I like a lot) and folk music (which I like very little). The Palace Brothers cross that line. And guess what?? I don't like it. This reminds me of when I used to make tapes of myself playing a six string and singing, the tapes sucked, but I didn't release them. The Palace Brothers did. These boys can't sing, they can't write catchy tunes, and they aren't even good lyricists ("where did the little dog come from/the little dog came from you"). This fucking sucks. (DS)

(Drag City P.O. Box 476867 Chicago, IL 60647)

Pegboy-Earwig, LP

I have had the hardest time trying to figure out exactly who this band sounds like. They sound so familiar, but I can't place it. Pegboy is a glorious mix of Epitaph, Samiam, Naked Raygun, Screeching Weasel, and Jawbox. I still can't quite place them, but that doesn't matter, you should buy this anyway. This is a great release worthy of anyone's ears. This is one of those albums that you just want to listen to forever. Whenever I listen to this, I'm bouncing around the room before the leader even runs out. (MB)

(Quarterstick Records; P.O. Box 25342; Chicago, IL 60625)

Pinhead Circus, 7"

Side one starts off with "Today," a sort of slacker theme song. This band is from the Denver area, youthful, energetic, power pop/punk with light, humorous lyrics. Side two is fast and hard just how I like it. (KF)

(Black Plastic Records, POB 480832, Denver CO 80248)

Poison Idea-The Early Years, LP

This is the Poison Idea that everyone likes to remember. A simple, three-chord hardcore band that was in your face and didn't care. Not the metal-punk band with solos that make you cry. This is what they were that people will remember them for, this is why they're an amazing hardcore band. (WD)

(Tim/Kerr; PO Box 42423; Portland, OR 97242)

Poison Idea-War All the Time, CD

What can I say about this. Poison Idea was once a GREAT band, but this is entering the period when they started to go downhill. After great albums like Kings of Punk and Record Collectors are Pretentious Assholes, this just seems like a speed metal album. It's definately listenable, and has some good tracks, but when compared to the classic Poison Idea stuff doesn't measure up at all. There are still some good punkin tracks, but it just doesn't move me like the older stuff.(J.E.)

(Tim Kerr Records P.O. Box 42423 Portland, OR 97242)

Poison Idea-Disfunctional Songs for Codependent Addicts, CD

This is a pretty good album from Poison Idea. I THINK it is a re-release of their 'Ian Mackaye' EP with some live stuff. These songs are anti-straightedge as hell and have those good ol themes of hangovers, beer, etc. The songs are more like some of the classic Poison Idea stuff; there are a few metally solos and such but it's much more refreshing listening than the other two CD's I've reviewed by them in this issue. I would definately recommend this as a good album to buy for fans of this classic punk band.(J.E.)

(Tim Kerr Records P.O. Box 42423 Portland, OR 97242)

Poison Idea-Religion and Politics Parts 1&2, CD

I never thought I would say this, but I'm glad these guys finally decided to call it quits. The only thing worse than seeing what was once one of the best punk bands ever break up is seeing them release a cheesy speed metal type album, and this is what happened to Poison Idea. Only buy this if you're a hardcore fan, there are a few good tracks, but listen to track 1 and I think you'll see what I'm talking about. Not a bad album, but it SUCKS in comparison to the classic stuff by Poison Idea.(J.E.)

(Tim Kerr Records P.O. Box 42423 Portland, OR 97242)

The Poozies-Chantoozies, CD

The riot grrls of folk. That's right, f-o-l-k—2 harps, a guitar, an accordion and the occasional fiddle. You got a problem with that. This stretches punk tolerance to the breaking point, but anyone who plays a harp like a bass guitar is punk in my book. My favorites? "Willie's Old Trousers," "Living in Wark," "Another Train," and of course: "Dheanainn Sugradh." Love that Gaelic. You gotta problem with that? (JC)
(Hypertension Music, St. Benedict Strasse 5, 20149 Hamburg, Germany)

Pot Valiant -s/t, 7"

Yay!! Something good! I'm so happy. This is absolutly great!! It's light, it's airy, it's emo. I love it. To top it off, they are a two piece (guitar and drums). This is really good! The vocals are sung, mostly over non-distorted guitar (with distortion being used more for emphasis), while the drums play a steady, kinda slow beat. This is really beautiful music, and done by boys even! Three thumbs up. (DS)
(Sunny Sincut Records 915 L Street #C-166 Sacramento, CA 95814)

Punky Rockit, "Freckle Fade Cream" 7"

I have been wanting to hear these guys since we printed the first Portland scene report. How refreshing it is to hear a punk band with some GOOD lyrics, not just funny or deep (mainly incomprehensible); "Running Out" is just such a song. There are four others—fast, rocking, tight musicianship. All band members take turns singing, with varying degrees of success, but this is still my pick of the month. (KF)
(Negative Records, c/o Jason Soares, POB 90711, San Diego, CA 92169.)

Radioactive Lunch-s/t, 7"

YES! This record starts out with a sample from one of my favorite movies, The Warriors. Any band that likes this movie has to kick some ass, and indeed they do. These guys have that screaming kinda hardcore sound that reminds me of Born Against a lot because I think they make up their own chords. It also gets pretty grindy and noisy and even breaks into some really fast grindcore parts. This is like Born Against on speed, and it fukin rocks! Buy this record, then go rent The Warriors, and you've got weeks worth of fun all for under 5 bux. (J.E.)
(Radioactive Lunch 1211 Beach Park Blvd. Foster City, CA 94404)

Rail-Turn It Around, 7"

This band has ex-members of Kraut in it. I've never listened to Kraut, and I suppose that means I lose a whole mess of Punk Points but the point is I don't know how this compares. It starts off with some weird, 70s-ish, flanged guitars and then it gets kind of blues-y. There's even a little grunge thrown in for good(?) measure. The second side has a tambourine and even more blues. Samiam it ain't. (DL)
(New Red Archives P.O. Box 210501 San Francisco, CA 94121)

The Red Krayola-S/T

Sorry, but I can make no real comparisons—this is just odd. Rambling guitar, sound effects, and an slightly askew singer. Maybe like They Might Be Giants from some twisted alternative universe or something. The sound doesn't really click for me except on a couple songs, but those moments are pretty nice. This is a listen-before-buying kind of album. (SC)
(Drag City, POB 476867, Chicago IL 60647)

Rip Offs-Got a Record, LP only

This is it, cream of the crop, top of the barrel. If punk is going towards rock n roll then the Rip Offs are the kings. Featuring members of Supercharger and the Mr. T Experience this band plays high energy, lo-fi, stripped down style of music. The lyrics range from girls to cops to girls to Dolemite and back to girls. Not one bad song on this record from start to finish I have already listened to it a hundred times. Kudos to them for only releasing it on LP. (EA)

(Rip Off Records 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066)

Rudimentary Peni-The E.P.'s of R.P., LP

This is one of those bands that I've heard so much about that is sad that I've never heard them. Well, these guys are great. They're, of course, a very dischargy band, but the singer sounds like Steve Ignorant (circa Crass). This is truly a classic re-issue and now all the other punk rock posers like me can know what the shit really is. (WD)

(Southern Records; PO Box 59; London, N22 1AR)

Schlepprock-Something Like That, 7"

Well written and performed power-pop-punk with more of a mainstream feel to the music. It took me a couple of tries to learn to appreciate, but now I'm hooked. Some of this stuff faintly reminds me of Samiam musically at times. While the vocals remind me of old Agent Orange, it still has somewhat of an undefinable feel. I guess it sounds like a little bit of a lot of cool bands all at once. The best song on here is "Vanishing," on side two, I love the verse on that thing! (BVH)

(Dr. Strange Records: P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Schlepprock-Propeller, LP

Wow! Great pop-power-punk here. This is sort of got a Samiam feeling to it, but it's got a lot more power to it's punch. It brings to mind other Dr Strange bands like Rhythm Collision and all those great other power-punk bands that the Doc seems to find. This is great, melodic punk. (WD)

(Dr. Strange; PO Box 7000-117; Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Screeching Weasel-How to make Enemies and Irritate People, LP

I've slowly been liking Screeching Weasel more and more and now they are definately up there on my list of favorite bands. While I think this album starts off with it's weakest songs it picks up by the end to be one of those classic S.W. albums of three chord, poppy, Ramones influenced albums. This is probably their lightest album of all, but it's still great. If you liked 'em before, you'll like 'em again. And the added bonus is that Mike Dirnt (from Green Day) plays bass, now that's cool...grin. (WD)

(Lookout Records PO Box 11374 Berkley CA 94712)

Shellac- The Bird is the Most Popular Finger, 7"

Steve Albini (producer of the stars) is back. While the first two 7"s from the band were great this one frankly is boring. Two songs, One of which is an instrumental of a great song of their new LP and the other is an instrumental that should have been left off the presses. The packaging is the best part of the record (you would have to see it). Buy one of their first two 7"s pr the LP first. (EA)

(Drag City PO Box 476867 Chicago, IL 60647-6867)

Shellac-At Action Park, LP

Albini, as usual, delivers the goods — loud, abrasive, driving, riff heavy hardcore like they used to do back in '85 but with the kind of drums that you couldn't mosh to unless you had a bad case of parkinson's disease. Clever, insinuating lyrics ("My Black Ass" is about Negro League baseball great Satchel Paige; "Il Porno Star" is about, well, a porno star, with a "cock like a stallion and an iron will") contrast with bludgeoning bass and drum work to create a sensurround of aural violence unmatched since the development of TNT by Alfred Nobel in the late 19th century. Okay, the songs do play better live (and since I just saw them live, I'm probably still under their spell), and their second seven inch, "Uranus" is even better, but you should get this, and play it loudly. The police will forgive you. (DC)

(Touch & Go Records, P.O. Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

Skankin' Pickle-Sing Along With Skankin Pickle, CD

Damn I was happy when this CD came in. Skankin pickle is one of the two ska bands I've heard that I like (the other being Dogfight). This is a great ska album with some distorted guitar and some breaks into lighter punk parts. These guys are also funny as hell. This is great ska, and these guys are actually very talented. This kind of sort of reminds me of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, but the punk parts aren't quite as often or heavy. This album makes me really happy and I feel like skankin' all day. (J.E.)

Dill Records P.O. Box 35585, Monte Sereno, Ca., 95030)

Slackers-s/t, 7"

These punx are from down home in Huntsville, AL which is close to where I live. I just saw them live with Rhythm Collision (great band) and had to buy their 7". They are old school as fuk..straight forward 80's blistering fast 3 chord punk rock at it's finest with screamy/bratty vocals about why school sucks, destroying music, etc.. This is amazing, and it is total punk that isn't weighed down with politics and is total fun. You can sing along and offend everyone with this record, and there are only 30 copies left, so order quickly! I just hope they play here again REALLY soon. (J.E.)

Fay-Get Records 2522 Roland Rd. Huntsville, AL 35805)

Tanner Boyle-Everywhere I've Ever Been, 7"

This 7" has a lot of feel to it, unlike many releases I hear these days. The music has a moody, melody-laden feel to it, not unlike Squirrel Bait or some Husker Du stuff. Some parts use those loud/soft dynamics that seem to be so popular these days. The vocals seem to be going for that Fugazi/Fifteen multiple-vocals-at-the-same-time effect, which at times, detracts from the lower-key, more contemplative music. Especially notable is "Mayfield." A good preview of things to come. (BVH)

(Red Dawg Records: 300 N. Bryan, Bloomington, IN 47408)

Teengenerate - Savage 10"

Raw punked-out lo-fi garage from thee unchallenged masters of such. For how long? WHO CARES! Teh way these Japanese rockers kick out the tunes (and releases for that matter), it's going to take you forever to track 'em all down anyway! This low is a good a place as any to start, with DEVIL DOGS, DIRTY LOVERS and 66 ALARM CLOCKS cover, and three primo originals. Dig in! (SW)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry, no address)

Ten Foot Pole-Rev, LP

This is not a surprise to be comign from Epitaph, especially seeing how it sounds like two of their biggest bands (no not the Offspring) NOFX and Bad Religion. This is pretty standard melodic hardcore and there's nothing wrong with that. The singer is where the Bad Religion influence shows through most. It also bares some resemblance to Lagwagon. I just wonder if they'll sell a million copies... (WD)

(Epitaph; Suite 111; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Three Finger Spread/Elmer, 7" split

Elmer is from Corvallis, Oregon, and when their first song of three came on I screamed, "Cowpunk!" It's fun, it's catchy, it's fast and furious. Side B from Three Finger Spread is in a similar vein, but closer to the Dr. Demento category. They've written a cheery little tune called "Kitty Cat" sort of a bluegrass psychotic murderer tale. (KF)

(Too Many Records, c/o David Hayes, POB 1222, Spokane, WA 99210)

Three Mile Pilot-Chief Assassin to the Sinister, LP

The music is OK, pretty slow and quiet distortion, with long buildups and subtle vocals. Very San Diego Emo. Anyway, I don't want to talk about the music that much, even though it's pretty good. What really makes this a great album is the packaging. This 12" comes in a hand stitched burlap bag with the titles and a photo STITCHED on!! Also included are a few random sheets ripped out from a textbook, and the record is on the most beautiful sky-blue vinyl. I wish more punk labels would start being more creative with their packaging, it makes the product all the more precious. (DS)

(Negative Records PO Box 90711 San Diego, CA 92169-2711)

Tit Wrench-Ok You Homos, Out of the Car, CD/7" EP

Wow, this is a surprise. Well, not if you know who these guys are, but still. It's sort of like industrial punk rock with, yes, Sam Mcpheeters from Born Against singing. I'll let you figure it out yourself. Let's just say it's completely crazy. The really scary thing is that the CD has, count em, 99 songs. Most of them are weird samples put together to a beat to make music (if even that), it's very odd. The ones that are actually music with Sam are really cool. I must admit that I couldn't make it all the way through the 99 (I wonder if anyone actually does-I mean one of them is just cows moo-ing!), sorry, but there's only so much one can take.

(Vinyl Communications; PO Box 8623; Chula Vista, CA 91912)

Tortoise-s/t

Now this is how you do a jazz tinged experimental album. Putting together an underground supergroup (yes, another one) with ex-and current members of the Poster Children, Eleventh Dream Day and many, many others, Tortoise swings and crackles and man-ages to sound half-way interesting most of the time, which is an achievement-and-a-half amongst these mousy avant garde types. I actually started tapping my fingers to "Ry Cooder," which has two basses and, get this, a xylophone. Certainly not something for people addicted to speed (several of these cuts move at what my ex-girlfriend called a "glacial pace") but if you like odd, jazzy stuff with an indie rock edge, this is the place to go.

(Thrill Jockey Records, P.O. Box 1527, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009)

Tribe 8-Allen's Mom, 7"

Best thing I've heard this month. On their info card they describe themselves as a "dyke punk band". That pretty much says it. The 3 songs on this EP carry a lot of power. This is angry and brutal at times, but with an underlying message of maternal strength. The cover photo is so cute you just can't not buy this ... unless you're a homophobic asshole, in which case you can fuck off and die. (J.Z.)

(Outpunk, P.O.Box 170501, San Fran., CA 94117)

Tunstin Gat, 7"

Three-man Berkeley outfit with fast tempo, four chord, uncluttered punk tunes. Five songs, I like the growly vocals, a welcome change from the usual whines and screams. (KF)

(Seven-O-Two Records, POB 12756, Reno NV 89510)

Vortex-Le Seigneur Du Ma??, cassette

Hmmm. This seems to be part of an LP put out by a french punk/H.C. band in mid '85. Sounds like a generic foreign hardcore band with the exception of the first song and a few parts in other songs that show they have talent. I'm not too sure what the motivation was to make this tape; the recording is bad, the band doesn't seem to be that great, and this isn't even the entire LP. Maybe they have lots of fans in New Jersey. The second to last song is a wanky little song that seems like it's meant to be a joke. Maybe if I spoke french I'd think it was funny—and maybe I wouldn't. (JZ)

(Asteroid Cassettes; c/o Mark Casner; 402 6th Ave.; Brooklyn, NY 11232)

Walleye-Stale Air, 7"

Walleye is a band that I've never heard of before, but wish I had. They blend Rocket from the Crypt, Jawbreaker, Swiz, and emo in a fuzzy package of joy. I've listened to this record many times since I received it, and every time I do, I hear something new. Listen to this when you are sitting alone in your room on a Sunday afternoon, you will not be disappointed, I promise. (MB)

Jade Tree; 2310 Kennwynn Rd.; Wilmington, DE 19810

Whatever-Deep, 7"

Generic piece of indie rock, with an odd dose of Killing Joke thrown in, especially on the B side. They could eventually be interesting, but aren't yet. The vocalist needs to take a rest on his "impassioned" turn — he's gonna get a hernia, or turn into Bono, or worse. We've heard the anti-clerical jibe before, and a lot more eloquently. The pitfall of being serious is that, unless you're clever (like Killing Joke itself), or so overwhelmingly powerful that it doesn't matter (also like Killing Joke itself) you come off as people who want to be Fugazi too badly and end up sounding like an interview with Dave Mustaine instead. (DC)

(Dead Beat, 2330 Cahuenga Blvd, Apt. 303, Los Angeles, CA 90068)

Who Moved The Ground-The Chase. What's That 7"

English ska-sort of. Pretty neat though. Has two songs, one about the injustice of hunting fox, and the other centers vaguely on the plight of the poverty stricken. The vocals sound too "nice" on the fox song, if you know what I mean, but overall both songs are musically above average. There's obvious Clash influences in this band as well as influences of some of the ska going on in the early eighties. I wouldn't buy it, but it's still a good record. (J.Z.)

(Icarus Records, 37 Broadlands Court, Wokingham Rd., Bracknell, Berkshire RG12 1PJ England)

The Wrench-Worry When We Get There, CD

This band has really catchy and melodic songs that effectively combine elements of pop and hardcore. It seems at times that this band should be on MTV or something because I find a couple tunes cheesy, but overall I really enjoyed this CD. (DS2)

(New Red Archives; PO Box 210501; San Francisco, CA 94121)

V/A-4 Bands, 2x7"

Four bands I knew absolutely nothing about, on a label which hasn't impressed me too terribly much since the days of Amenity and Forced Down. When I did drop down the needle of my turntable in apprehension of another boring compilation, it was soon apparent to me what my mistake was: I was fucking sparse in my judgement. To my ecstatic (yes, ecstatic) surprise, Vinyl Communications has released a new personal favorite... Four bands all with female vocalists. Every song here is a gem, each possessing its own delicate charm and appeal. Lava Diva has a slow, foreboding number with Sinead O'connor (only better and more punk sounding) like vocals. Dahlia Seed is more heavy east coast emo-core sounding, with sweetly sung vocals and rhythmic melody-laden dual guitars. Twist ended up being a cool find as well. I'm pretty sure that this is Mike D.'s new band (Ex-Amenity/Forced Down). He plays guitar and bass for this three piece which has exceptionally polished, top-40 quality vocals punctuated by ear-catching folky, pop music that has a million tons of feel and dexterity. Pee's song reminded me of that damn Jesus Jones song that was so popular two years ago at first, until the guitars became more discordant. Then the chorus kicked in and hooked me for good. Pee has a lot of feel and honesty to them, punctuated by their flow and melodic senses. Cool. This compilation is the soundtrack to my fall season. (BVH)

(Downside/Vinyl Communications; P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

V/A-4 Way Split, CD

This is GO!, HEADFIRST, CITIZENS ARREST, and PROFAX. All four bands put out great New York hardcore from roughly 1990. I don't really know what to say. They are all great bands, and you can tell that the music is great, but I would not recommend this as an introduction to these bands. The live quality takes something away from the bands. If you already have their records (and love them), you can go ahead and buy this, but otherwise, I'd be cautious. (MB)

(Round Flat Records; 63 Lennox Ave.; Buffalo, NY 14226-4226)

V/A-Case Closed?-An International Compilation of Husker Du Cover-Songs

These covers of the late, lamented, punk-pop band (right style, but years too early for Nirvana-type success), run the gamut of the Husker Du stylebook. They range from the speed-mantra (Motorpsycho's "New Day Rising", to Baysix's earnest, acoustic, phonetic-English "Hardly Getting Over It", Upset Noise's melodic "It's Not Funny Anymore" to NRA's manic "In a Free Land". It is a testament to Husker Du's songwriting skills that there are still many strong songs which are not on this 23 song compilation. Most of the covers stick pretty closely to the original arrangements, which is unfortunate in my view, but leaves plenty of scope for a volume 2 - cellos on "She Floated Away?" - banjo on "Ain't No Water in the Well?" - sitar on "Hare Krsna"? In general, a nicely executed and well deserved tribute to a great band, with some rather bewildered liner notes from Husker Du drummer/singer/songwriter Grant Hart. (BD)

(Distributed in the USA exclusively by ROTZ Records, Chicago)

V/A-Compulsary Overtime-12"

A comp featuring some obscure Brit bands that ranges from the hardcore styled S.A.S., LEGION OF PARASITES, OI POLLOI, BLOOD ROBOTS, to artier stuff by REALTTY CONTROL, LEGENDARY PINK DOTS, and the killer SMASHCORDS. The track from POISON COOKIE (a terrible new wave ditty "The People's Court") is at best a joke. Don't know why someone would pick this selection of stuff to boot, but some of the rawer stuff is pretty good. (SW)

V/A Cool Beans!, split/comp 7"

This record comes absolutely FREE with Matt Kelly's latest Cool Beans! zine (see Zine Reviews). It has a sad little acoustic tune by Dis- on the one side, with a Lou & Abby Barlow duet on the other. As an added bonus, Matt himself sings Debbie Gibson's "Shake Your Love," with way more emotion and energy than the original! Was this breathy remake done on a karaoke machine or does Matt have some talented background singers on his staff? (KF)

(Cool Beans! #3 is \$3 w/zine & record, supplies are limited; 3181 Mission #113, San Francisco CA 94110)

V/A-Cry Now, Cry Later, 2 x 7"

This rules, straight out! Ygot major league hatecrush from SPAZZ, EYEHATEGOD, 13, GRIEF & CAPITALIST CASUALTIES... And 6 lesser known bands that pack an equal whallop in most cases DESPISE YOU, STAPLED SHUT, CRISIS, FISHSTICKS, MEATSHITS & CROM. Another killer for fans of brutal thrash mayhem (SW)

(\$5 to; Theologian, 120 Pier Park, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

V/A-Olympia, 2 x 7"

Two gold 7"s with 8 punk bands from Spokane, Wa, packaged in a glued-together Olympia 12 box, with a booklet and a couple handy drink coasters! Any label in the world would have reason to be damn proud putting out a local comp this inspired! Good bands, including FUMES, FLIES, MILLTOWN, BELLYWIPE, BIG come, MOTHERLOAD, BOYCOTT & VELVET PELVIS, great packaging, I tip my hat... How much beer did those bands have to drink to make 500 of these covers??? (SW)

(\$6 to; Too Many Records, P.O. BOX 1222, Spokane, WA 99210)

V/A-Outpunk Dance Party, CD

OK, this is supposed to be a decisive look at queer punk, or as the promo sheet says, the "cream of the crop of the exploding 'queercore' scene". I was a little confused as to why I didn't see a few bands on the roster list that I would have expected to be on it (Huggy Bear & Team Dresch to name a couple). Now I know. Apparently "queercore" means songs about fucking, plain and simple. Because of this, the lyrics are pretty bad (if anyone can write a good song about fucking, let me know), and for some reason not a single band on this record can play an instrument at all (this comment applies to everything on this comp save the Jolt track, which is actually pretty good, but nothing to write home about, it's simply a standout on a lousy record, not a very hard thing to be). (DS)

(Outpunk PO Box 170501, San Francisco CA 94117)

V/A-Rock Stars Kill, CD/LP+7"

This is a typical record in this series, some songs are amazingly good, and some are unexciting. Bands like TOURETTES, GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, RANCID (who have a uncharacteristically Ska song), CUPID CAR CLUB, UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON, MUKILTEO FAIRIES, etc. make this comp definitely worth

getting, and actually, surprisingly, most of the other songs are good, as well. Overall, it's a great comp with mostly good (and great) songs. Completely worth getting. (MB)

(Kill Rock Stars; 120 N.E. State Ave. Suite 418; Olympia, WA 98501)

V/A-Surface Meets Surface, Tape

This is compilation of mostly live songs with good sound quality (very good for a live tape) and great bands. This exposed me to a lot of bands that I now like that I had not previously heard. Bands such as J CHURCH, THE POTATOMEN, THE GR'UPS, SIREN, KID DYNAMO, ARTLESS MOTIVES, etc. make this a joy to listen to every time. It also includes a cool little booklet about vegetarianism, which was quite informative. Inspiring. (MB)

(\$3 ppd.; Grade A Tapes; 714 Humboldt St.; Santa Rosa, CA 95404)

V/A-There's a Dyke in the Pit, 7"

Hmm, either there's something wrong with my record player, or the mastering on this 7" was a little slow, everything sounds a little slower and lower than it should, but it's probably my record player. Anyway, this is a benefit comp that goes towards battered women's shelters, so it's worth the few bucks it costs. Musically, though, it's a mixed bag I'm pretty sure that all of these tracks are available elsewhere. The BIKINI KILL track definitely is, and I'm pretty sure the 7 YEAR BITCH song is too, which leads me to believe that they all are. Also on it are TRIBE 8 and LUCY STONERS. (DS)

(Outpunk PO Box 476867 Chicago, IL 60647)

V/A-Too Precious To Be Disposable, 7"

Four Arizona punk bands here, all throwing down to represent the Arizona punk scene. Side one kicks off with Ernie's Rubber Duckie doing a hardcore sounding piece called, "Life's Fair." Horace Pinker takes up the second half of side one with a pretty catchy melodic hardcore number called, "Can't Change the World." Side two has Alan's Fear doing their own melodic hardcore/punk thing followed by the Generiks who remind me a lot of Seattle's My Name, showing strong musicianship and a strong sense of humor and variety. (BVH)

(Social Retardance: P.O. Box 25666, Tempe, AZ 85285-5666)

V/A-Unforseen Disasters, 7"

Great Diverse comp here. There's complete noise hardcore (In/humanity, and Initial State), melodic hardcore (Quadiliacha), flat out in your face hardcore (Blownapart Bastards), wierd experimental hardcore (Damad) and a bizarre folky band that kinda reminds me of Schlong (El Toro). The diversity would be the strong point of this record. Most of the songs are good, but some... (WD)

(\$3ppd USA; \$5ppd Everywhere; Passive Fist; PO Box 9313; Savannah, GA 31412)

V/A-Volume, CD

I really like it when a label releases a comp of local bands, especially when all the bands have a similar sound. This comp hails from San Diego, and thusly documents the "San Diego Sound" (or one of them at least). It's pretty good. Chunky, catchy, noisy, poppy, metal. The stand out for me is the EVERREADY cover of The Cure's "Boys Don't Cry", which proves that emo bands DO have a sense of humor about their image. By far the best song on the album though is the nine minute BOILERMAKER song, whose name I don't know because these damn CD packages make the words too small to read. It's all in all a pleasant listen. (DS)

(Liquid Meat PO Box 460692 Escondido, CA 92046)

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[illegible]

Timogher

Imagine our surprise when we received a package of CDs in the mail from our good friends at Maximum Rock & Roll. Unfortunately, we're not ■ large enough operation to regularly review records not sent to us by the label/band itself, so we've dedicated a single page to these wonderful gifts. Sorry the type's so damn small.

Reviewing all of these makes me feel bad for MRR to be waded down with this shit, but as we promised we'll review anything sent to us as long as it's not on ■ major label. because of that we couldn't review ■ few things that MRR sent us. Oh well. After listening to all this crap getting back to some nice punk rock sure does feel cleansing to the soul. -Will Dandy

To Live and Shave in L.A.-30 minute mannercreme
This is weird samples combined to make some bad form of really annoying music. (WD)
(PO Box 191563; Miami Beach, FL 33139)

Bonesaw-Abandoned
Mix hardcore with cheesy solos and Biohazard and this is what you get; it's not horrible, but it's not great. They have ■ song called "Here comes the pain." You get the picture. (WD)
(Lost and Found: IM Moore 8; 30167 Hannover; Germany)

V/A-Neither/Neither World-Tales of the True Crime
Ooooh! Bad music by bad bands about serial killers! The exciting part is the pictures
drawn by serial killers. Some one is REALLY sick. (WD)
(ALIVE Records; PO Box 7112; Burbank, CA 91510)

Kingstar-Nipple
Instrumental funk/jazz-featuring the hits: "Chunks o' Lemon" and "Miss Tylers monkey.
Why? (WD)
(Shameless Records; PO Box 502; Richmond, VA 23204-0502)

The Grip Weeds-House of Vibes
Hey, we're a really bad alternative band and we try to sound cool using accoustic guitars
and stuff, but we really suck big dick! (WD)
(Twang: PO Box 41 03 11: 12113 Berlin Germany)

Every 13 Days-E'tant Donne
Hippies; and they do bad acoustic. But, if the CD "made you see things" they want you to
write them. God this is bad. (WD)
(PO Box 391: Buffalo, NY 14215)

Smile-Maquee
If Green Day was a noise band they'd sound like this. I actually kinda like it. Although it does kinda sound like Nirvana (bleaurgh!). In fact, scratch what I said before. This sucks.
(WD)
(Headhunter; Cargo; 4901-906 Morena Boulevard; San Diego, CA 92117)

The Exceptions-No Shoes, No Shirt, No Exceptions
I guess this is ska, but it's just really bad and has horns (that play like two notes) and a keyboard (that sounds like it belongs at ■ baseball game). Does that make it ska? (WD) (Icon Records; Po Box 1746; Royal Oak, MI 48066)

The Meteors-Hell Ain't Hot Enough for Me!


They call themselves Psychobilly, and I agree. It's like rockabilly with noise in the back-
round and fucked vocals, a full three songs. (WD)
(Sonovabitch Records; PO Box 2738, 3000 CS rotterdam, netherlands)

Gifts from

Spine-1000
Noisy stop-start hardcore. Something in me wants to like it, but I just can't. They're just not very good and the recording is horrible. (WD)
(Spine Records; PO Box 4204; Warren, Ohio 44482)

Screed-Psychological Profile
I like the horns, but it's only on a few songs. The rest of it is like bad metal/alternative/shit
thats supposed to be meaningful, but it's not. (WD)
(Ballistic Pinwheel 53 Ann St. NY, NY 10038)

Christian Death-Sexy Death God
 Boo! We like satan and we try to sound scary! Ha ha , come with us to the darker
 side.....whooooo. (WD)
 (Dutch East India; PO Box 800; Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

Buck-o-nine-Songs in the Key of Bree
This is pretty cool ska-core. Although the vocals  kinda annoying. Nothing new though.
(WD)
(Immune Records; PO Box 151141; San Diego, CA 92175)

V/A-Catch-A significant Records Compilation
Pretty generic noisy grunge/hardcore stuff. (WD)
(\$10; Significant Records; PO Box 25596; Charlotte, NC 28229)

Art Paul Schlosser-I want to be Madonna? & Greene
Art is an unfunny comedian who does it all to different types of music that ~~are~~ all played poorly. God this man should be hunted down and killed. (WD)
(Art: 214 Dunning; Madison, WI 53704)

V/A-Where Woodstock Lives-The best new music from Tinker St. Cafe
A gatefold cover and psychedelic pictures on it. Who ever put this out has too much spare
time. (WD)
(Tinker Street Productions: 84 Yerry Hill Rd: Woodstock, NY 12498)

The Tantrums-Adios Lisa Magic
This is the worst accoustic wanna be Smiths band I've ever heard. This is horrible! (WD)
(Fomunda Records; 8944 Bayaud Drive; Tampa, FL 33626)

Galileo's Sin-You're Gonna do what you're Gonna Do Noise, noise, noise, bleaurgh. The vocals are more distorted then your mama, and they have a song called "The Cheeze man." Get the picture? (WD) (Stranger Records, address-damn!)

Chris Hough-Expressions
Ever wonder what happens when you turn thirty and you're really bored, but have an acoustic guitar and no talent? Chris Hough knows. (WD)
(Chris Hough; 4216 Paul St.; Philadelphia, PA 19124)

Dictator Tot-All Tanked Up...and Ready for Love
I think this is bad industrial. Maybe it's just plain bad though. The best part is the song
title, "Wonder Ho." (WD)
(Half Cocked Records; Po Box 481841; Denver, CO 80248)

The Road Vultures-Rice
This is bad Rock n' Roll. The worst thing is that I think they're Ramones influenced. Urgh!
(WD)
(Circumstantial Records; 12 7th Ave.; Brooklyn, NY 11217)

The Guttersnipes-Asylum
I don't understand this release at all. Generic guitars, generic everything actually. Bad vocals. What are these boys thinking? (WD)
(Die Heilige Musik; No address, bummer, dude!)

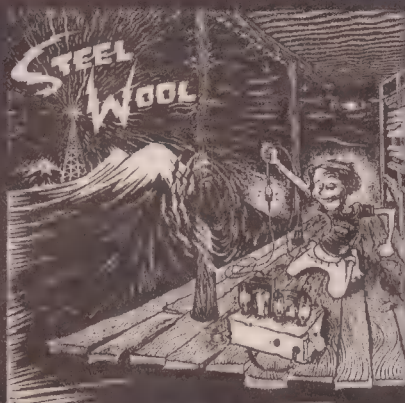
Orphaned Land-Sahara
Self described "Oriental Doom Death." Sounds like bad metal to me. But YOU can get T-shirts for \$24! (WD)
(Holy Records; 4 BD Gutenberg; 93190 Livry-Gargan, France)

Apostates-In Vain
The picture tries to make them look like Danzig. They're actually ■ a light, kinda acoustic sounding death band; neat. (WD)
(New Black Sun; PO Box 300362; JFK Airport Station; Jamaica, New York 11430)

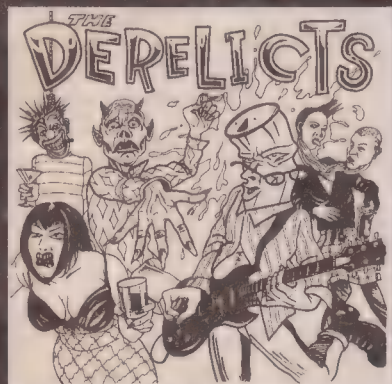
Bone Cellar-Now that it's all over
Acoustic alternative. Bad music. Sample song title, "Pass me another beer, I think I'll drink
myself to death tonight." (WD)
(your name here) records; 15600 NE 8th Street, suite B1#515; Bellevue, WA 98008)

Supreme Dicks-Workingman's Dick
This is weird chanting acoustic music with a song called, "Arise! Life giving seagull." What
are these guys on? (WD)
(Freek Records; why bother?)

Suspension of Disbelief-Thoughts from ■ Troubled Mind
Kinda noisy, metally, rap, stop-start hardcore. Nothing new or great. (WD)
(Salt Flat Records; 370 South State St #128; Salt lake city, utah 84111)

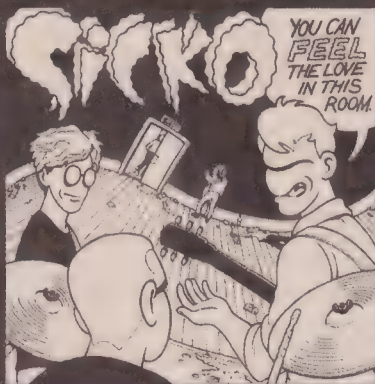


STEELWOOL - Lucky Boy CD/LP



Derelicts - Going Out Of Style CD

STEELWOOL DERELICTS SICKO



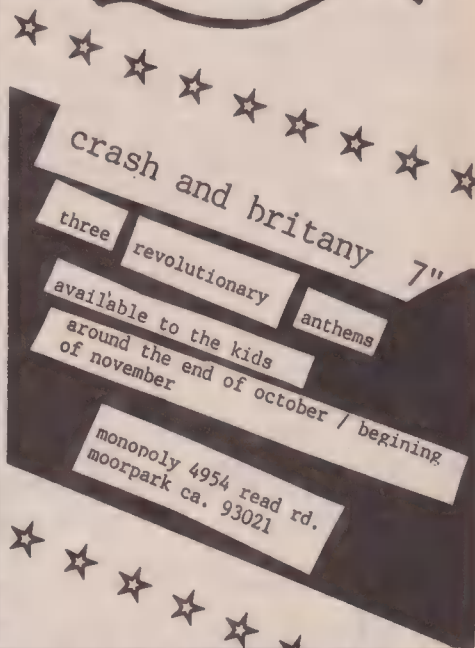
Sicko/You Can Feel The Love...CD/LP

NEW: Shaven 7"
Tasty Division 7"



7" \$3.50
LP \$8
CD \$10

POB 12034 Seattle, WA 98106
Send SASE for complete catalog!



HUTCH "The Last Gold I'll Ever Catch" 7" \$3

This is the band from Portland, OR who used to be called Rake and put out a 7" called "Stupor" under that name. This new 7" has more of their Emo-pop-punk stylings, this time recorded by Seaweed's Clint Werner at TacWa studios.

JAYHAWKER "Scale-Model Failure" 7" \$3

H.C. from Bellingham, WA. Some people say they sound a bit like Jenu but with harsh vocals like Iconoclast or Born Against. Others point out a Neurosis influence. Those are pretty sound comparisons. It's both Hardcore and Punk.

"Universal Choking Sign" Compilation LP \$7

Undertow, Sparkmarker, Jayhawker, Hutch, Ten-O-Seven, Brand New Unit, Digh Down, Strain, Artless Motives, Bicker, Christopher Robin, Greg Bennick, Has Been, and Stovebolt. First 1000 #'d with hand screened covers.



UNDERTOW "At Both Ends" LP/CD \$7/\$10 "Stalemate" 7"/CD \$3/\$6 New 7"/CD ep out on Overkill soon

We also have releases by SLEEPER, TEN-O-SEVEN, and BRAND NEW UNIT
Send a Stamp for info. Soon: New Sleeper CD/ep, Undertow/Resolution Split CD
Prices are postage paid in the U.S. Can/Mex add \$1. Europe add \$3. Asia add \$4

EXCURSION P.O. BOX 20224 SEATTLE, WA 98102

Here's your bimonthly dose of zine reviews. Enjoy them and perhaps even order a few of them... The reviewing team is: Matt Berland (MB); Jim Connell (JC); Will Dandy (WD); Bret Van Horn (BVH); Jim Testa (JT); Dan Sinker (DS); Karen Fisher (KF)

A VISIONARY'S DREAM #1

Jersey Beat's metal maven Hayley Greif debuts her own zine, a head-banger's delight featuring an eclectic array of underground metal bands - Paradise Lost, The Organization, Broken Hope, Thought Industry, and lots more. Simple desktop layouts and a nice clean look make this easy on the eyes. (JT)

(PO Box 215, Hightstown NJ 08520)

ALARM CLOCK #22

A half-size zine with a nice look and some decent interviews, although they don't include a preface so you often have no idea who is being interviewed (i.e. Geko, Crashblack, Greg Weber...not exactly household names.) Also show and record reviews. (JT)

(PO Box 215, Hightstown NJ 08520)

ALLEY CAT #1

As the cover says, "Tales of Sicknick Glory." This zine seems to focus more on the publicly indecent side of things. A tale of urination, an aspiring young body builder who develops near-perfect breasts, and a wonderful, very intricately written piece of journalism on the malicious spectacle of puking in public. It's one buck and it's worth it just for the puking article alone! (BVH)

(C/O: Lee Rieherzer: 820 Frederick ST. Box- E, Oshkosh, WI 54901 \$1)

ANNOYANCE #7

A cool little half-size punkzine This ish has interviews with Edsel and Shades Apart, lots of show and record reviews, a page where people from bands draw what they think a wombat looks like, a page on informercials... you get the idea. Some of the pages are a bit hard to read due to poor copying and I wish he'd do something with the photos so you could see them, but overall this is well worth your buck. (JT)

(Vassar College Box 3092, Poughkeepsie NY 12601) \$1)

ATTACK POETRY #1

Just a double sided sheet of paper with poems on it. If you're into reading other people's poetry, why not order one? If you're not, then don't bother. (DS)

(79 Cottage Albany NY 12203)

BABY SUE, Vol. 4 No. 3

Although Baby Sue has record reviews and the occasional interview (although this issue's is with Jesus) (!), it's mostly dedicated to offbeat fiction, poetry and these weird cartoon strips with titles like "Tips On How To Be A Stupid Fag." (JT)

(Box 1111, Decatur GA 30031 \$2)

BACK OF A CAR #1

Given the sizable cult of critics, fans, and especially other musicians who have come to revere Alex Chilton's mid-seventies pop group Big Star, a fanzine like Back Of A Car makes perfect sense. The debut issue pays equal attention to Big Star's past and present, as editor Judith Beerman examines the recent Big Star reunion (including a gig-by-gig diary by Ken Stringfellow of the Posies, who joined original members Chilton and Jody Stephens for the reunion tour,) reprints the original New York Times review of Big Star's first album, and reviews Alex Chilton's recent solo album and live performances. The zine also spares a little space for comics, short fiction, and reviews of Chiltonesque pop-rockers like Chris Stamey. And for all those frustrated amateur musicians who could never figure out the chords, there's even a transcription of the song "Back Of A Car," complete with chord diagrams. (JT)

(4636 MPO, Vancouver BC Canada V6B 4A1, \$3)

BELLWETHER

The first of many straightedge zines interviewed this issue. This one is largely distinguished by the editor's atrocious spelling (hee hee) but otherwise you get all the usuals - puff-piece interviews with sXe bands asking broad political questions ("What

do you think of religion?" "How can we stop racism?" as if a bunch of 18 year olds with guitars would have a clue...), lots of photos, and the usual sXe broadsides against brothers who have lost the edge (inspirational verse: "I won't close my eyes to you anymore. Your ignorance won't go unchecked...") There's a piece decrying how violence in sports (in this case, hockey) incites violence in society, but I've come a lot closer to getting my brains bashed in a straight-edge shows than at any hockey game I've ever attended. (JT)

(612 Lakevue Dr, Willow Grove PA 19090 \$1)

BEN IS DEAD #24

This is the "Black" issue, which the editors take a couple of ways - black as in African American, black as in black humor (including a hilarious mini-zine, "Brett Is Dead," which speculates on what might happen if Epitaph Records' Brett Gurewitz followed Kurt Cobain's lead and killed himself over the sudden success of his label,) and so on. More cool shit packed into this zine than I can list, just get it. (JT)

(PO Box 3166, Hollywood CA 90028)

BLADDER #1

An arty sort of punk zine. This is a collection of art this guy has done, and a few articles. For the most part it is really cool drawings and collages. It's cool, and it looks some time was spent on it. Pictures of dragon things, guitarists, TVs.... (MB)

(Ian; 521 NE Couch St.; Portland, OR 97232) (\$1/16 pp./8.5 X 11)

BLOODLINK WHOLESALE #?

This is a one piece of paper/four pager deal briefly displaying the Bloodlink catalog and Scott's theories and policies on his wholesale business. Hardcore records, T-shirts, and some zines. (BVH)

(Bloodlink World HQ: P.O. Box 252, New Gretna, NJ 08224 send a stamp)

BLOODRED

This zine is actually published in Germany (in English) but has a Canadian distributor for mailorder. Bloodred combines radical leftist politics with punk rock; besides interviews with Four Walls Falling, Marxman, and a really confrontational one with Integrity, there are pieces on Malcolm X, the new Nazi menace, the film Schindler's List, and more. (JT)

(MellyXMel, PO Box 4 Sta. C, Toronto Canada M6J 3M7 \$3)

BOVINE GAZETTE #2

A fanzine dedicated to the daily needs of cows. A lot of silly comix and a sillier interview with a doctor who gets carried away with his train metaphors. I dunno about this one. (JT)

(Mad Dog Prod's, PO Box 2263, Pasadena CA 91102 \$1)

BUBBA'S LIVE BAIT #4

Not too many Southern zines actually have any Southern flavor but Bubba's Live Bait is as tasty as a mess of catfish 'n grits. A hand-lettered perzine, #4 includes memoirs of mailbox baseball (that's where good ole boys go racin' down the road swattin' at mailboxes with a baseball bat,) an editorial that begins "why do rednecks procreate?," lists of things that make the editors "groovy" and "grumpy," and the editor's continuing travel diary. (JT)

(PO Box 3133, Johnson City TN 37602 \$1)

CHILDREN OF A FARTER GOD #4

A fanzine devoted to Married: With Children, including anything the cast members do outside the show. This issue has an interview with Amanda Bearse (Marcy D'Arcy on the show) about coming out as the first avowed lesbian on primetime tv (yeah!) movie and book reviews, and some letters from similiarly obsessed fans. Can I get a "Whoa, Bundy!" (JT) (221 Ashmore Rd 2nd Fl, Queens Pk, London W9 3DB England \$4 ppd)

COMETBUS #32

I dunno, a Cometbus that comes out fairly regularly?? What a concept. Although not as good as Cometbus #31 (due mainly to its small size), this still serves up everything you've come to expect from Punk Rock's answer to Jack Kerouac. More travel diary stuff, but this time with a twist— it may be fact OR fiction. The cities and characters names have been changed. It's great. It adds a whole new element to reading Cometbus, "is it true or isn't it? I wonder if that's so and so". Pick it up (like I really had to tell you that). (DS) (Wow Cool 48 Shattuck Sq Box 149, Berkely CA 94704 \$2)

COOL BEANS! #3

The newest issue of Cool Beans! includes a 7-inch record and a colour cover, so order now while supplies last. This is "The Food Issue" with a subspecialty of beans (coffee in particular). Interviews w/Greta Shred of Mudflap zine, Frank Black, Dis-, Free Kitten, Richard Ramirez (the Night Stalker), Lewis Largent (from 120 Minutes). There's much, much more: reviews, tidbits, etc. and along with the record, how can you beat it? You can't. (KF)

(3181 Mission, #113, San Francisco CA 94110. \$3)

CRASH #2

A nicely laid out and printed zine. 8 1/2" by 11", with a professional feel, but still punk. I wish more zines would put this much work into what they're doing. Interviews with Pinhead Gunpowder, The Tourettes, Beck (yes, the Beck) and Slim Moon of Kill Rock Stars, an article on Xuxa, and reviews. I'd like to see this zine expand as it continues, especially considering most of the "other" publications out of Seattle.

(1202 E Pike St, Suite 751, Seattle, WA 98122-3934 \$1.25)

CRYPTIC TIMES #5

Another Seattle publication. This one leans towards the garage, '60's, B-movie, surf-punk theme. Some cool interviews (a lot of 'em actually), with the likes of gas Huffer, The Muffs, The Wailers, The Undead, Empty Records, Man or Astro Man?, and man, many others. Lot's of reviews of records,

zines, and b-movies. Pretty cool, varied and informative. 78 pages, newsprint. (BVH)

(1011 Boren Ave, Ste 114 Seattle, WA 98104 write for prices)

DAMN PUNK #5,6

Chris is 15, likes industrial/grunge music like NIN, goes to high school, has some weird adventures, writes poetry and fiction, and tells you all about it in his perzine. Sloppy DIY pasteup layouts, hand lettering and bad typing, no computers... zine-making the old-fashioned way! (JT) (Chris Reynolds, 105 Springwood Way, S.San Francisco CA 94080 2 stamps)

DEAD TREES #1

Premier issue-young Michigan punk writes about local and general stuff. A little bit "boy" oriented, i.e., penis and ball ratings (instead of stars) for favorite horror movies. Some thoughtful essays, poems, angst-y stuff. Earnest and personal but still interesting for us outsiders. (KF)

(113 E. Johannah St., Whitehall MI 49461, \$1 + 2 stamps)

DIGESTOR #1

This is basically a newsletter from Dave, who plays in several bands (and writes for this zine) with a lot of good advice for bands on how to get bookings. Since it actually includes names and phone numbers of local club bookers, it's definitely a worthwhile acquisition for anyone looking for gigs in the NJ/NYC area. (JT)

(Dave Urbano, PO Box 154, New Brunswick NJ 08903 \$1)

DIMINUTIVE RAGE #1

Fuck yeah. Anger in it's pure form. Columns on why people suck and why feminism (and all other -ism's) are stupid. What I really like is that the editors anger has clearly been well thought out and is well focused. That's something that I like to see and is way too uncommon these days. There's also an interview with the noise/grind band Inhumane that is worth reading. (WD)

(Free, but be nice and send stamps; Saira; 1951 W Burnside #1654; Portland, OR 9720)

DISESTABLISHMENTARIAN'S VOICE

I like the cover which proclaims: "Fuck Capitalism! To hell with gods! Question everything!" Okay! It's all handwritten, meant to be "a written outlet for kids' frustrations," and editor Aaron Alvarez and friends have started the exchange by printing some of their own essays on freedom, consumerism, mosh pits and more the top ten lists are great. (KF) (516 Ryland St., Reno NV 89502)

DORK ZINE #3

Kins of a cute zine done out of an apparently small town in Texas. I like this zine, it has witty writing, a little skating stuff and a slick sense of humor, kinda like Killer Dork Sessions used to (for those who may remember KDS). My only gripe is some of the sexist and homophobic slurs included in the show reviews and an article or two, which might have been meant sarcastically, can often come off as serious in print. (BVH)

(Rt. 2 Box 774, Copperas Cove, TX 76522 no price, but send 'em a couple of stamps)

FACTSHEET 5 #52

FF5 is still the zine you turn to when you want to find out about other zines, with hundreds of reviews in a dozen different categories - sex, drugs, rock n roll, the occult, comix, poetry, and how to fix your kitchen sink - if there's a zine about it, it's probably in FF5. This issue also includes a 140-term glossary so if you're new to the zine scene, you can find out what all those weird words like IRC, SIG, APA, and Perzine mean. (JT)

(PO Box 170099, San Francisco CA 94117 \$3.95)

FILLER #1

This zine manages a tricky task - interviewing a lot of over-interviewed subjects and still getting something interesting out of them. Included are Fugazi, Barbara Manning, Drive Like Jehu, Gerard Cosloy, Pavement, and Wake Ooloo. Plus reviews, photos, the usuals. Cool. (JT)

(588 Dogwood Lane, Waterloo ONT Canada N2L 4X9 \$2)

FROG PRINCE #3

A zine put out by a PP record reviewer. It's pretty good and mostly consists of people's thoughts about high school, written mostly by people in high school. It's a pretty good read. (DS) (9323 Afternoon Lane Columbia MD 21045)

FUCKSHEET 5 #4

Not unlike its namesake (Factsheet 5), this is a zine dedicated to reviewing other zines. Not much can be said beyond that. A few pieces of writing that seem more out of place than anything else. If this sticks around it may be able to compete with Factsheet, if it wants to. (DS)

(PO Box 30033, Kansas City MO 64112)

GYRATE #1

A sloppy pasted-ip hand printed grrl zine. Samiam answers some questions by mail, the editor drools over the teen hunks in Weston, "Diary Of A Confused Girl," some reviews, recipes, 10 steps to putting out your own 7 inch, and a short interview with NJ's Dog Pound. (JT)

(Renee Williams, 832 Clinton Ct, Hazelton PA 18201 \$2)

HEATATTACK #3

After just three issues, it looks like HaC may be running out of steam, which is too bad. This issue doesn't have much in it, just reviews, columns, letters (which are actually the best part - too bad they're all negative), and ONE interview (a mildly interesting one with a punk in jail). I hope this is just a slump and not a sign of things to come. (DS)

(PO Box 848 Goleta, CA 93116 \$1)

HELL BOUND #8

Interviews with Rancid and No FX, recipes, obituaries, reviews, comix, all kinds of cool shit are crammed into this messy but fun-to-read punkzine. Definitely worth a gander. (JT)

(1001 Cooper Pt #140-194, Olympia WA 98502 \$2)

HITCH #1, #2

This is sort of a homemade Spy magazine devoted to the movies. The comedy is hit-and-miss (and mostly misses) but the second issue showed a lot of improvement, with more substance than attitude and a good piece on one of my favorite shows, Mystery Science Fiction Theater 3000. (JT)

(Rodd Lott, 5504 N Tulsa, OK City, OK 73112 \$3.50)

JUMBO SHRIMP #6

The cover has a photo of a clump of Bananas on it, the inside references Karen Finley. I think I'm in love! Maybe that's going a little far. This is a cute, 'emo' zine (in the real sense of the word emo) about life and how the writers are getting through it. Some of it's goofy, some of it's serious, some of it gives you a little lump in your throat, either because you're happy or sad, you just can't tell. Either way, it's a really nice zine. (DS)

(PO Box 667 Prior Lake, MN 55372)

JUST FINE #1

A great personal fanzine about being unhappy and lonely. There's also a neat little thing on how shy people really have more to say than you think and I wholeheartedly agree (because I'm one of them). Last, but not least, there's a story about some zany old people who pull practical jokes on each other and all this crazy shit. While the zine kinda seems to be sad, for some reason it makes me all happy inside. Maybe because it let's me know there are others out there thinking like I am. (WD)

(Chloe; 1507 Strawberry Lane; Johnson City; TN 37604)

I AM NOTHING #1

One of the most striking- looking zines I've seen in a while. The editor is straightedge but the text is limited to poems and song lyrics set against artwork and photos, so there isn't a lot of editorializing or those stupid sXe interviews that all read the same. (JT)

(4462 Freeman Rd, Marietta GA 30062 \$2)

INSIGHT #2

Four bucks is a lot for a zine that doesn't come with a 7 inch, but this does have a nice color glossy cover and lots to read inside. Rants again punk and jazz start things off, lots of interviews (Jesus Lizard, God & Texas, White Zombie, GWAR, and Motorhead, just to name a view) illustrated with flamboyant artwork, and layouts that don't look like any other zine I can recall. Pretty cool, even with the hefty pricetag.(JT)
(PO Box 51592, Kalamazoo MI 49005 \$4)

KEEPING IN TOUCH #2/3/4

Formerly In Touch, K.I.T. is a newsletter dedicated to spreading the word about unsigned band demos, zines, and other facets of DIY culture. Also includes contact addresses of clubs, radio stations, studios, etc. A good deal for bands and scenesters who need to network.(JT)
(27 E Central Ave #R5, Paoli PA 19301 SASE)

KETCHUP #6

This is one of those short, spacey zines that you leaf through and then wonder what you missed. There's an editorial on love, a list of rock stars who ought to die, Bill and Hilary paper dolls, an interview with a Delaware band called Explosive Kate (who sound kind of cool,) and some reviews.(JT)
(3603 Sexton St, Alexandria VA 22309 \$1)

LIFE IS SHIT AND I'M PLANTING A GARDEN #1

God, first off I love this title. I would never have picked it up to read it if it weren't for the awesome title, and I'm totally glad that I did. The whole zine (except the last thing) consists of this guy remembering his childhood and how it was fucked and neat up in different ways. Frankly, it was really touching. This has inspired me to do my own zine in hopes of inspiring someone too. This is fucking great and should not be missed. (WD)
(75 cents; LISAIPAG; c/o Mike; 24 Shawnee #4; Minot A7B [or maybe "AFB"?-will], ND 58704)

LIVE BEAT #3

Yael talks about personal passions, from photography and karate to the Swamp Zombies. Plus there are reviews and how-to pieces.(JT)
(Yael Grauer, 3238 Lenape dr, Dresher PA 19025)

LOOKOUT #39

This is Lawrence Livermore's zine, which expands on a lot of the ideas you've read about in his MRR (and now Punk Planet) columns. In this issue, Larry takes a look at what's become of Berkeley's punk spirit, includes a tour diary of his band The Potatomen, throws in some short stories, a couple of reviews, and a lot of letters.(JT)
(PO Box 11374, Berkeley CA 94712 \$2)

MIDNIGHT ENGINEERING

Okay, this is not a zine, it is a commercial magazine, with a barcode and everything. The guy who does it probably doesn't have a clue about punk. But he is so incredibly DIY, so against the values of big business, and so full of insight about all this stuff, that you NEED to read what he has to say. Also, I'll bet that if he found out what punk was all about that he'd real quick realize that he's been a punk all along and nobody told him. Anyhow, half the magazine is about dry technical stuff and is useless unless you're into designing your own computers. But the other half is about how to do pretty much everything yourself, and why you should. For example, this guy publishes a glossy color magazine. He does everything himself except printing the thing, and that pisses him off. So he is in the process of buying, assembling, and learning to run a complete four-color magazine printing plant, including a 100 foot long web press. If that's not DIY enough, he writes a column explaining why it makes sense to do it, and why you should do the same with whatever turns YOU on. Check it out — especially if you think your only choices are being a starving punk or selling your soul to Martin Marietta. (JC)
(\$4.95 at big newsstands; 6 issues/\$24; 1700 Washington Ave., Rocky Ford, CO 81067)

MOO COW #9/#10

Issue 9 is mostly devoted to fiction, of the teenage-autobiographical-read-too-much-J.D. Salinger variety, while #10 is the punk rock issue, full of big phat photos of bands. Both issues have short think pieces from the editor and a reviews section. And I want to see what #11 is like! (JT)
(38 Larch Circle, Belmont MA 02178)

MUDLARK #2

Interviews with the Queers, Bollweevils, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, reviews, photos, a piece on cool shirts, some tips on doing a zine, and fun with the postal service.(JT)
(73 S Lodge Ln, Lombard IL 60148 \$1.50)

NATION OF KIDS #1

Revolution - Kids style! This is a really cool zine with a lot of generic filler, but also a lot of really cool zine stuff. In a genre I'd never considered before, it presents shitting as a revolutionary action. You'll have to get it to find out. After reading this, I think I'm going to buy one of their nifty patches or something. This is really refreshing, back to basics stuff. Get this or be the grownup that Milo warned us about. (MB)
(3104 Fouche; Huntsville, AL 35805)(Pocket change, stamps, etc./24 pp./8.5 X 5.5)

NIPPLE HARDNESS FACTOR #2

Lots of 7 inch reviews, all given lots of space in imaginative layouts. Not quite as dense as it should be given how many 7 inches are out there these days, but a fun read if you're into checking out singles and fun to look at.(JT)
(PO Box 461778, Los Angeles CA 90046)

ONE WORLD #5

I'm really confused about this zine. I'm pretty sure it's a new zine, but it seems so old! Like I didn't even know Marginal Man was still around (in fact, I don't think they are). It's from New Zealand, so that explains something, and also makes it fairly interesting because the perspective is quite different than here in the US. Also has interviews with the Cramps, White Flag and more. Plus it's printed with pretty red ink. (DS)
(PO Box 8809 Symonds St Auckland, New Zealand \$1)

ORIGINAL COOL

Rockabilly, psychobilly, and fifties rock n roll are what the folks at Original Cool find cool. The zine seems equally comfortably writing knowledgeable tributes to bygone greats like Duane Eddy while paying their props to today's rockabilly cats too (Blasters, Tav Falco, Slim Jim from the Stray Cats, etc.) Every issue has lots of great photos and articles you won't find anywhere else, guaranteed (like a piece on Elvis imitators in Japan!) Far out.(JT)

(1533 Sea Breeze Trail #201, Virginia Beach VA 23452 \$2)

OUT OF BOUNDS #2

Former Jerseyite Tom Wheeler is one of the poobahs at this good looking new zine with an intellectual bent. Whether the writers are talking about punk rock or CIA death squads, Out Of Bounds reads like a well-written term paper (or at least an article out of The Nation). How many punk zines do you know that have articles on "Asset Forfeiture?" But there are some record reviews too.(JT)

(PO Box 4809, Alexandria VA 22303 \$2)

PEPITO'S FOLDER #2

Anyone who reads the Alternative/Punk message boards on America OnLine is familiar with a character known as Pepito Pea. This is his fanzine, a messy cut-and-paste perzine with lots of punk attitude. There's some Chicago scene news, lot of feisty live reviews, Pepito's conversation with the PMS Hotline, and some 7inch reviews. Funny and fresh.(JT)

(Brandon Yu, 1134 W Loyola, Box 0073, Chicago IL 60626 \$1)

Pflugerville, Texass #1

The self proclaimed "refuse to work movement." This is a "document zine" with poetry that seem more like anti-conformity editorials. Very odd. I can't say I really understand it, but it's pretty cool. (MB)

(P.O. Box 28528; San Antonio, TX 78228)(\$1/10 pp./8.5 X 14)

PHOENIX ZINE #4

A more serious zine here, with an emotional, informative, and socially responsible feel to it. Phoenix seems to posses a great deal of sincerity, empathy and a love of communication. Inside is a hopeful introduction, short blurb about some stupid high-school playboys, and a highly informative article on genital mutilation (which, by the way, is an evil custom in some countries) among many other topics. I also liked most of the layout and photo choices. (BVH)

(P.O. Box 93174, Milwaukee, WI 53203 3 stamps ppd.)

POSITRON #4

Fuck. This is really fucking great. First off, I feel really bad damning this to a simple fanzine review, since it's not really a fanzine, it's a VIDEOZINE, which is really a completely different entity. Unfortunately (and I really do mean unfortunately) not many people put out Videozines, so the few that do come out just have to be lumped in with print zines. Anyway, as far as videozines go, this is close to the best (if not the best) one I've ever seen. It's got everything you could want, live band shots, interviews, funny interlude things, serious interlude things, and it is put together SOOOOOO well. The editing on this is really top notch!! The best interview (Ian McKaye) makes up for the worst interview (utterly forgettable straightedge band Mouthpiece) and the other two main parts, an piece about Food Not Bombs and an absolutely hilarious document of a night on tour with Herion are superb. God, I really can't get over how great this looks. Also included with the tape is a great booklet discussing the radicalization of video and the dissemination of information. Fuck. Pick this up right now you!! (DS)

(PO Box 477469 Chicago, IL 60647 \$6.00 (it's a video and trust me, it's worth it))

POWERBUNNY 4X4 #3

Jeff Scavone gives up the scoop on what's new in the Hub City, including short pieces on Mildred Pierce, Urchins, Acetone, and lots of record reviews.(JT)

(9 Oxford St 2nd Fl, New Brunswick NJ 08901 \$1)

PSYCHO MOTO #1

Poetry, prose, an editorial debunking riot grrl-ism, interviews with Orange 9mm and Clutch, and record & zine reviews. Nice looking zine and plenty to read.(JT)

(%Ethan Minsker, 45 Ave B #2, NYC 10009 \$2)

RETICENCE AND ANXIETY #4

This zine is pretty personal written by two people in high school. Some of it's pretty amusing, some isn't. I just can't get into this. It's all personal rants and stories. Maybe my big problem is the fact that the people writing this never reveal their real names, or maybe it's the fact that one of the writers called my neighbor hood the 'seedy' part of Chicago. (DS)

(PO Box 2552 Austin TX 78768 \$1.50)

RETRIEVAL INCORPORATED #2

This appears to have been written in '92 or '93 but since it was sent to us to review, I guess it's still available. All about scams, getting stuff for free, screwing the system up, that kind of thing. Fun and interesting reading but I draw the line at credit card theft. (DS)

(POB 252, New Gretna NJ 08224-0252. \$1)

RIDE ON, BABY: THE GIGOLO AUNTS FANZINE

When the Gigolo Aunts were ready to release their first LP on RCA Records, they decided against using the usual corporate record label bio and commissioned this fanzine-type thing. And it's cool. It captures the gushy gee-whiz feel of the band's music, provides lots of silly teen zine tidbits about the group, and even has a funny photo feature on "Rock Star Poses" in which the band members portray different rock cliches ("The Burnout," "The Sex Face," etc.)(JT)

(120 W 44 St #704, New York NY 10036)

ROCKTOBER #9, 10

Chicago certainly has its share of zines these days, but this one is really off the wall. Rockabilly/50's retro coverage is interspersed with regular features on Sammy Davis Jr., comix, and a bonus. #9 has a mini zine dedicated to the theme "The Worst Show I Ever Went To" which is a lot of fun, and features on Chuck Berry, Screaming Jay Hawkins, and Flaming Lips; #10 has "The Rocktober Hall Of Greatness" poster, gold-leaf caricatures of different bands and music idols on heavy cardboard stock (which would have been even cooler on sticker paper) and more eclectic music coverage, including Wayne Cochran, Boredoms, Southern Culture On The Skids, a piece on baseball and rock n roll, and rock 'n' roll on tv thru the ages. Offbeat and worth a look. (JT) (1507 53rd St #617, Chicago IL 60615 \$2)

SECRETS

Short piece of fiction and non-fiction with a weird feeling, like the piece about the fellow who develops a wart on his hand and becomes obsessed by it, or the confessions of a onetime stripper. If you like to keep a few zines in the bathroom for those special moments when you've got some time to kill and need something to read, this is a good zine to have on hand. (JT) (Joe Voodoo, Box 1433, Culver City CA 90232 \$1)

SLAPPY #4

This is a cut & paste, write about you life type zine, which has a lot of promise (although I don't think it's totally come into its own yet). It's basically about being in high school, and everything that goes along with it. For some reason I find that very charming and cute. It has two out of place interviews with Explosive Kate and Moral Crux. (DS) (701 Euclid Ave Wilmington DE 19809)

SLEEPYFOOT #2, #3

This is a Taozine, so every issue includes an exploration of editor Mike's Tao. This issue also has a

rant on bad driving, a rant about the Cleveland Indians' new stadium, and some reviews. And while I've now read three issues, I still don't know what Tao means. (JT) (Mike Thain, 1636 E Main St #202, Kent OH 44240 \$1)

SLURP #9

A big newspaper style zine dedicated to the rave scene. There are scene reports from across the country, an interview with some deejays, and lots of record reviews. If you're into the funky techno danse rave thing, this is the place to check it out. (JT) (PO Box 125, Flourtown PA 19031 \$1)

STEVE ALBINI THINKS WE SUCK #4
Mo always has something interesting to say, whether it's on Chrissie Hynde (as an anti-role model for women in rock) or Lollapalooza. This issue also includes Rollerskate Skinny, Motorhome, L7, Flaming Lips, and reviews. (JT) (Mo Ryan, 1651 Catalpa, Chicago IL 60640 \$2)

THIEVES & PROSTITUTES #11
Since Clearwater FL is the deathmetal capital of the world, it's no surprise this St. Pete zine includes Church Of Satan, Circle Of Dust, Brainchild, Acheron, and a whole bunch of other demonic grind bands, all slapped together with diabolically sloppy layouts. (JT) (PO Box 13484, St Pete FL 33733 \$2)

VISION ON #8

This British zine usually concentrates on American indie rock, so it's no surprise to find the Thin White Douche, Steve Albini, interviewed (ostensibly as part of his band Shellac.) There's also, features on the Hard Ons, Voodoo Glow Skulls, D.O.A., and Exit Condition, plus a good record reviews section. (JT) (27 Springbank Croft, Holmfirth, W Yorkshire ENGLAND HD7 1LW \$3)

WHATEVER #2

Every square inch is filled with drawings, stories, pictures, scribbles, et cetera. There's some stuff running all the way thru on skinheads (origins, politics, etc.) but that's about the only common thread. The rest is mostly

personal expression, rants and stuff. (KF) (POB 4692, Austin TX 78765. \$2)

WHAT ME WORRY? #5

A perzine recounting the editor's adventures with different bands (Bouncing Souls, Turmoil,) comix, a Parasites interview, phone scams, and lots of reviews. Plus a cool color cover. (JT) (% James Turri, 1013 Ridge St, Freeland PA 18224 \$1)

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS #1

Another stripped down punk rock zine, done pretty well. I think this could turn into a really cool zine. A good first issue, with interviews with THINK N DA BAD KIDZ, NO USE FOR A NAME, etc. Reminds me of the first time I did a zine. Cool. (MB) (P.O. Box 6277, Evanston, IL 60204) (Stamps?/28 pp./8.5 X 5.5)

YOU COULD DO WORSE #2

The question "Whatever happened to the Feelies?" (who happened to be one of the most revered Big Star-influenced groups of the eighties) is answered in the second issue of You Could Do Worse, which includes features on the post-Feelies groups Wake Ooloo and Luna. I guess a lot of bands pass through Iowa on tour these days, because this Cedar Rapids-based zine also includes well-written interviews with the indie-pop groups like the Connells, Possum Dixon, and Five-Eight, along with a column on world beat music and a comprehensive record reviews section. (JT) (PO Box 74647, Cedar Rapids, IA 52407, or e-mail YCDWorse@aol.com \$2)

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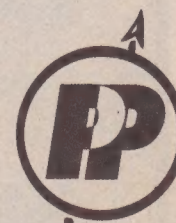
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